PRELUDE TO 'EARTH DAY' RAYMOND R. COFFEY

THE NATION

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EDITORIALS

A National Humiliation

The postal employees' strike was called an "outrage," a "catastrophe," a "tragedy" and various other things. We suggest there is a better word for it. We viewed it as a national humiliation.

Not since Gen. Douglas MacArthur, so hungry for action that he persuaded President Hoover to let him drive the bonus marchers out of Washington at the point of the bayonet, has the nation been so abased. Consider, from the standpoint of common decency, only these few points:

Here is a group of workers who have performed loyally, if not brilliantly, for these many years. They are the only government employees with whom the public has regular contact, and they are deservedly popular. Department store sales people may offend shoppers, cab drivers may be rude, some policemen are execrated in the slums, but who doesn't like the letter carrier? They are not the kind who will inconvenience the public capriciously or revolt against the government, without compelling cause.

How, then, has the government treated them in return for their good nature? The entire nation, right up to the President, agrees that they have just grievances. Few worse instances of shabby treatment on such a scale can be cited. They have been stalled, given the run-around, buck-passed and buck-passed again, for more than nineteen months in the present sequence. At present price levels, and with further inflation in prospect, their pay is miserable. A special CBS news program showed the plight of an Irish-American carrier from the Bronx, married, father of four, a devout Catholic, a devout patriot. He described his family's life unemotionally, in a simple matter-of-fact way. That such a drab existence, bordering on actual privation, should be the lot of honest, hard-working Americans is an outrage.

The President, in his afternoon TV address, reeking as usual with self-righteousness, did not express regret for his role in the sequence of events which finally tried the postal employees beyond endurance. The federal statutes may make it a crime for federal employees to strike, but it is not a crime for the President to recognize just grievances and negotiate with those who have suffered injury at the hands of the government. These people are a part of his constituency—for the most part they are those silent, anonymous Americans who, when Mr. Nixon is in a tight spot, he pretends to treasure. They know now how much his assurances are worth.

No doubt James Henry Rademacher, Jr., the president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, represents a considerable body of union members, but, whatever the outcome of this strike, it would not be surprising if he found himself with considerably less support henceforth. He was quoted as saying that SDS activists had some part in the strike. Much as the SDS would relish the role of outside agitators in this situation, it is doubtful that they realized before the event that such workers existed. Throughout the strike Mr. Rademacher spoke as if he represented the government, not the members of his union.

Congress must share with the President the responsibility for the "wildcat" strike. Except among a minority of members, there appears to have been scarcely a trace of obligation to deal equitably with the postal employees. As the strikers have pointed out, the Senators and Representatives raised their own salaries by some 40 per cent with amazing celerity, but nothing was too slow for their dealings with the postal employees. Torpor was compounded with hypocrisy after the strike began: the legislators, together with the President, declared they would not negotiate under the gun. In all international or corporate negotiations the rule is never to negotiate except from a position of strength. Only when the strength is momentarily on the side of the strikers is this invariable principle regarded as an intolerable offense.

The public was never alerted to the probability of a walkout. It was allowed to assume that the mails would go through in accordance with the oft quoted phrase from Herodotus. Where was the Postmaster General all this time? Everyone knows he is only a glorified political hack, but doesn't he feel any obligation to take care of his men and keep his organization operating? Must he submit quietly while most of the government's tax revenue goes into military spending and the wretched war in Vietnam?

One further point that should be made does not apply to the Post Office alone. Laws which forbid strikes of government employees, whether municipal, state or federal, are unenforceable and only encourage disrespect for law generally. Laws which employ this kind of coercion and do not provide for any other means of settling disputes over wages, hours and conditions of work, etc., are doubly foolish. If any good is to come out of this strike, it will be through the reforms desperately needed in this area.

Service or Efficiency?

Washington

At the height of the wildcat strike, Postmaster General Winton Blount remarked, "I am increasingly optimistic. We can look forward to an early resumption of normal mail service." Was that supposed to be a cheerful prediction? Normal service in the postal system is worse today than it was in 1966 when everything collapsed in Chicago and mail stacked up so high that for two weeks the Post Office there was simply out of business. In the clogged Washington-New York-Chicago triangle, the mail system is especially deserving of the description applied by Lawrence O'Brien when he quit as Postmaster General two years ago—"a race with disaster."

So, apparently comforting himself with the thought that he was risking no breakdown that might not result at any moment from natural rot, the President

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(with what some feel was the partial collusion of Rademacher, president of the Letter Carriers, whom Mr. Nixon calls "my favorite labor leader") teased the mailmen into a strike, hoping that the crisis would force Congress to pass his proposed postal corporation, which would operate the Post Office independently of Congress. This is a reasonable conclusion to draw from the fact that Mr. Nixon had earlier made quick passage of a pay increase impossible by announcing that he would veto any schedule of raises that was not attached to a bill establishing the postal corporation. Rademacher, who had been one of the heartiest enemies of the corporation idea, suddenly switched to support it. Gail McGee, chairman of the Senate Post Office Committee, accused Rademacher of breaking his word in the hope of squeezing a better pay deal out of Nixon.

There is a bogus quality about many of the promises being made by the Administration in support of the postal corporation. For example, Postmaster General Blount predicted a couple of months ago that under a corporation setup, workers would start out with wages comparable to those paid in industry. But there is no significance to that promise, for according to the so-called Kappel report (the study completed in 1968 by a panel headed by Frederick Kappel, retired chairman of AT&T), which is the Bible of Nixon's proposed postal reforms, "the salaries the Post Office pays are—in most places—competitive with those paid by private companies, at least for nonsupervisory personnel."

Whatever general accuracy there may be in the Kappel report on this point, it is obviously cockeyed when applied to some of the highly priced urban areas like New York, where a garbage collector can be earning a higher income with three years' seniority than a mailman is entitled to after twenty years of service. Several hundred New York postmen reportedly are eligible for and are drawing relief money, even while they work. The most sensible way to get around the New York salary catastrophe would be to set up a geographical salary differential; since it is hardly fair to pay postmen in New York what they would get in Austin, Tex., which has the cheapest cost of living in the nation.

But low pay, while doubtless the critical question of the moment, is only one of an endless list of defects in the postal system. Chances for advancement are so slight that eight out of ten retired employees end their careers in their original job rating. Many postal buildings are today as they were half a century ago, crowded, poorly heated, poorly ventilated, lacking even the decencies (some urban postal buildings do not provide women employees with separate rest-rooms). A wide variety of defects add up to the total decay of a gigantic department, abused by two generations of politicians.

And why suppose that the remedy is to be found in an independent postal corporation, which would be beyond the reach of Congress and thereby beyond the reach of the people? Efficiency is all very well, but much harm is sometimes done in its name. Ex-

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cusing themselves on the ground of efficiency, the railroads cut out "unprofitable" passenger service, telephone companies avoid so far as possible the servicing of any but the more densely populated areas, and airlines drop routes and schedules.

What efficiencies would come with a postal corporation whose advocates wanted mainly to make it pay its way? At present, postal service costs the taxpayer about $1 billion above the costs that are paid by stamp sales. This is hardly a drain, when compared to the $3 billion in agricultural subsidies and the $20 billion in defense subsidies. And yet the great cry from postal reformers has been the need to make the department "break even."

Why is this so important? Why not instead pump into the Post Office the extra $5 billion which officials say is all that is necessary to modernize the service? It would cost only $500 million to mechanize the seventy-five Post Offices handling 52 per cent of the nation's mail. It would cost only $350 million to restore the twice-a-day home delivery that was cut off by the Post Office in 1950 in one of its early efficiency frenzies aimed at breaking even. Better service cannot be assured by turning the Post Office over to the friends of Frederick Kappel, but only by funding it extravagantly until we are at least able to feel its pulse again. If a strike can get even a glimmering of this thought across to Congress it is unfortunate that the mailmen didn't hit the sidewalks twenty years ago. *Robert G. Sherrill*

The Reclusive President

Given the wizardry of modern mass communications, a President can create the illusion of being highly visible and easily accessible when in point of fact he is steadily becoming less visible (except on the tube) and less accessible (except to his closest aides). The result is that he knows less and less about what his fellow Americans think and feel, and all that he represents to them is a carefully doctored video image, on the order of a political mannequin.

One gets the impression that President Nixon is more of a captive of his officers and aides than were either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Kennedy. Church service is at the White House. Entertainment is at the White House. He invites many people—50,000 in his first year—but wants the reception line to move fast, and he and Mrs. Nixon usually retire immediately after the formal program. Despite this volume of White House traffic, the President is isolated both physically and socially. As for contact with the common people, there isn't any, except when he confers the Congressional Medal of Honor on some living hero, or turns it over to a bereaved family. Mr. Johnson at least plunged into the crowd shaking hands, and so did Mr. Kennedy; Mr. Nixon holds himself aloof.

He is well protected. Of course the President requires eternal vigilance on the part of his guards, but there is a distinction between security and psychic insulation. Recently, James J. Rowley, who heads the Secret Service, testified to the need for new legislation to protect the President against the danger of unknown persons "penetrating" a "weakness in our perimeter." The military parlance is revealing. Moreover, the penetration need not be physical or with criminal intent. Rowley would make it a federal crime to "utter loud, threatening or abusive language, or to engage in disorderly conduct in or near" the President's perimeters. How loud, how threatening, how abusive and how near? Legislation proposed in the name of the National Park Service would have the effect of barring all demonstrations in front of the White House. Is the President so afraid that some protester against the war will yell a slogan at him? Beyond a point this kind of protection isolates the President against the reality outside his political preoccupations.

Lately Mr. Nixon has been sending his wife out into the hinterland to test the climate. He has little time for it himself and does it poorly, as when he paid an almost surreptitious visit to the Washington Technical Institute. But Mrs. Nixon is likewise overprotected and overprogrammed. According to Kandy Stroud of *Women's Wear Daily*, when the First Lady traveled recently to promote "volunteerism" among American college students, the students she was permitted to meet were "hand-picked," and the entire trip was "one of smoothly oiled professionalism, top-notch public relations, and a slick and careful packaging job." Mrs. Nixon, to the disappointment of the press, said nothing quotable, but the photographers were happy. "There's nothing like a picture of Mrs. Nixon holding a little blind girl on her lap," one said.

There may be nothing like it from a photographer's standpoint, but what does it tell Mr. Nixon?

The Two Germanys: A Beginning

The meeting of the two Willies—Chancellor Willy Brandt of West Germany and Premier Willi Stopf of East Germany—began in the immemorial style for such negotiations. Each leader presented a set of maximum demands, which each knew was unattainable. An agreement, though perhaps an ultimate probability, will almost surely take a long time to achieve. The primary issues are inextricably tied up with numerous secondary questions—among them, future American troop strength in Europe, and trade not only between East and West Germany but between West Germany and the Soviet Union.

The two superpowers, although not in complete control of their respective Germanys, will have a great deal to say about any *rapprochement*, and each has much at stake. It is natural that they should be watching developments with interest—and a certain trepidation. Between them, they are more responsible for the division of Germany than are the Germans themselves. The fatuous Dulles-Eisenhower policy (to name only two of its architects) of unification by "free elections" and rolling back communism from the Elbe River, has been abandoned in the

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United States, not only without explanation but without any acknowledgment that it ever existed.

Nor is there continuity of policy, much less present unanimity, in the Soviet Union and the two Germanys. In East Germany there are Communists in high positions who regard these negotiations as ill-advised. Kurt Georg Kiesinger, leader of the opposition Christian Democrats in West Germany, is of the same opinion—of course for entirely different reasons. He fears, or says he fears, that Brandt will "bargain away" the right of East Germans to decide on their political future, by which he means unification on West Germany's terms. Moscow has never abandoned hope of weakening NATO, while the United States would like so far as possible to coax the East European countries away from Soviet influence.

The ovation Brandt received at the Erfurt railroad station was featured in the West, but it embarrassed Brandt and alarmed Stopf. The two were agreed on at least one point: Brandt's visit should involve a minimum of ceremony—no inspection of honor guards or playing of national anthems, just two Germans and their delegations taking the first steps in a delicate and momentous diplomatic operation. The less emotionalism, the better are the prospects for a *modus vivendi* advantageous to both Germanys. But unification is not in sight. The Erfurt citizens who cheered Brandt were simply putting ammunition in the hands of those East German Communists who hope the talks will fail. Very likely, a majority of East Germans would favor *Anschluss* on almost any terms, but a majority of West Germans, while equally in favor of a reunited Germany, would certainly not abandon capitalism in order to achieve it. So there will be no unification in the calculable future. And, in view of the exploits of German militarism over the past hundred years, is that necessarily bad?

The next meeting is set for May 31 in the West German city of Kassel. On returning to Bonn, Brandt reported to the Bundestag. "It was a beginning," he said. "We cannot know whether relations between the two Germanys will be improved in the future, but at least we can try."

Immoral *and* Illegal

Rev. John M. Wells, who presides over the historic First Parish Church (Unitarian) in Lexington, Mass. —"the church on the green" where the Revolutionary War began—is a man not easily classified. He is not, as one might expect, a New Englander but a native of Atlanta, Ga. He attended Duke University and graduated from the law school at Emory University. After service in the Air Force and the Department of Defense, he decided that the ministry was his vocation, so he attended the divinity school of Howard University, where he was the only white man in his class. He is married and has four children. He was called to Lexington in 1968.

The Rev. Mr. Wells is all for picket lines, marches and demonstrations against the Vietnamese War but, being a lawyer as well as a minister, he pondered the possibility that the war might be effectively attacked on the ground that it is illegal as well as immoral. As the first of the original thirteen states to be settled, Massachusetts has some governmental peculiarities. One is that a citizen has the right to have a bill introduced in the legislature. The bill which Rep. H. James Shea introduced on behalf of Mr. Wells was aimed at preventing Massachusetts citizens from being forced to serve in the present war, or in any other undeclared war outside the United States. It attracted attention from remnants of the Eugene McCarthy campaign, Massachusetts Citizens for Participatory Politics, and other groups. A press conference held on January 26 got fairly good coverage from the media.

The bill was referred to the Joint Committee on the Judiciary, Sen. Joseph Ward and Rep. Cornelius Kiernan, co-chairmen. Ernest Gruening, *The Nation*'s editorial associate, was invited to testify at a February 11 hearing on the bill, together with distinguished law school professors and others. The hearing had to be adjourned to an auditorium seating about 800.

When the bill first came up in the Massachusetts House, a motion to continue it to the next annual session was defeated, 116 to 110. The bill then passed the House, 136 to 92, and a motion to reconsider lost 128 to 90. In the Senate it passed 33 to 6, with some amendments which in effect strengthened it. In the Senate all the Democrats voted for the measure, together with six Republicans. It now goes to conference, with every chance of approval.

The approved bill will go to Gov. Francis W. Sargent, a Republican. Governor Sargent attended a moratorium meeting "on the green" in Lexington, and signed a petition calling for the orderly withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Vietnam. He may sign the bill if it comes to him. In that event the Attorney General of Massachusetts, on petition from a serviceman, or a group about to be sent overseas, would initiate an action seeking an injunction against such assignment. The action might be titled *Commonwealth of Massachusetts* v. *Melvin Laird, et al.* The avowed purpose of the act is to force the Supreme Court to rule on the constitutionality of undeclared wars like those in Vietnam and Laos. The theory is that with the state a party to such an action the courts will take jurisdiction.

The measure is not intended to tie the President's hands. It does not apply to a situation in which the President might exercise his power to repel an invasion or an attack on the armed forces or a missile assault on the territory of the United States. It is concerned solely with the dispatch of troops overseas without a declaration of war by the Congress. Similar bills have already been introduced in the legislatures of Ohio, Illinois, New York (by Assemblyman Andrew Stein) and California. Whatever the outcome, the Reverend Wells has earned the thanks of those who have until now sought in vain for some means to test the constitutionality of undeclared wars.

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PRELUDE TO 'EARTH DAY'

TEACH-IN ON THE ENVIRONMENT

RAYMOND R. COFFEY
Mr. Coffey, who was formerly a reporter from Vietnam for the Chicago Daily News, is now that paper's national correspondent.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

It was on the front steps of the Student Union building at the University of Michigan, on an October day in the campaign of 1960, that John F. Kennedy first described the Peace Corps. The spot where he stood has a marker sunk in the cement, and to the left of the main doors of the old red brick Union there hangs a bronze plaque memorializing the occasion.

It was also at the University of Michigan, in the spring of 1965, that the first "teach-in" against the war in Vietnam was conducted. Thus there was a special appropriateness about the almost exhaustingly massive "teach-in on the environment" held here March 11-14.

Ecology has become a very important issue on campuses this season, and this teach-in was the forerunner—a kind of model—for thousands of college and high school colloquia to be held on April 22, dubbed "Earth Day" by the sponsors. The beleaguered environment is the kind of issue, some think, that might capture the idealistic spirit and the concern of young people as did the Peace Corps and Vietnam.

And it is an issue whose political potential has already, and obviously, been recognized by politicians. "We got calls from so many politicians who wanted to speak at the teach-in that we just couldn't possibly accommodate them all," said Douglas Scott, a 25-year-old graduate student from Portland, Ore., who was one of the co-chairmen of the Michigan program. Several political figures did make it to the stage, however. They included Sens. Edmund S. Muskie and Gaylord Nelson, the two leading Democratic environmentalists and two of the more attractive spokesmen for a party that these days does not find itself hip-deep in magnetic Presidential possibilities. Both were quite warmly received, except for a bit of low-key heckling from SDS-style radicals.

The Republican Governor of Michigan, William Milliken, appeared on the bill; the Nixon Administration was represented by C. C. Johnson, consumer protection chief in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, and the House Government Operations Subcommittee on Conservation and Natural Resources, headed by Rep. Henry Reuss (D., Wis.), even held a hearing at which student teach-in participants told of their environmental research. "How can you declare such charming feminists out of order?" Reuss asked, turning on his own charm, when a band of coeds interrupted the hearing to chant a grisly song in support of legal abortions.

The attractiveness of environment as a political issue is fairly obvious. An uncompromising stand against dirty air and for clean water should win votes, and hardly hits the same mark on the controversy scale as does taking a strong position on Vietnam. But, as also became plain during Ann Arbor's four-day siege of seminars, speeches and demonstrations, environment could turn out to be a tougher proposition for the politically ambitious than it at first appears.

In their speeches, both Muskie and Nelson recognized what is perhaps the chief misgiving young people have about their own enthusiasm for the issue. That is a concern that environment may divert attention and political commitment away from more sensitive issues such as Vietnam, race and poverty.

Edwin Fabre, a black law student, told the opening night rally that blacks generally were boycotting the teach-in because it was a diversion, just a "new toy," that helped white middle-class students ignore the fact that fewer than 1,000 of Michigan's 35,000 students are black. And some of the most vigorous applause of the whole four days went to James Shapiro, a brilliant 26-year-old Harvard geneticist, who was a member of the team that recently announced it had isolated a pure gene from a bacterial virus.

"I'm uneasy about why we're here," Shapiro, a new hero of the New Left told the crowd of 15,000. "I think maybe we're here to waste our time. I think some people want us to divert our energy . . . to forget there is a criminal war going on in Vietnam . . . to forget that 50 million people in a country that put a man on the moon don't have enough to eat."

Shapiro, who has renounced science to become a full-time political activist, declared that a Socialist revolution was the only solution to environmental and other problems.

Barry Bluestone, a graduate student in economics and a veteran of political movements on the Michigan campus, told a reporter that he believes leaders in the political and industrial establishment are deliberately pushing the environment issue "to take some of the force out of the anti-war, anti-racism, anti-poverty issues." And even Scott, the teach-in co-chairman who has been largely nonpolitical as a student, said many young people suspect their concerns are being diverted by the environment cause.

Senator Muskie met this question by telling his audience that he hoped environment would not become a "smoke screen" obscuring the "unmet challenge of equal opportunity," and that "there appears to be good cause for concern" that this might indeed happen. Americans, Muskie said, "cannot afford to correct our history of abusing nature and neglect the continuing abuse of our fellow men. The environmental conscience may be the way to turn the nation

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around," but it must operate "not only for our air, our water and our land but also for the future of people searching for ways out of poverty, hunger and neglect."

Senator Nelson, who is credited with first having the idea of a nationwide environmental teach-in, drew even more cheers and applause than did Muskie when he attacked the war as a "mistaken enterprise." He added: "Bluntly put, anyone who thinks the environmental issue is a neat way to avoid facing the tragic problems we have caused the black man in America is going to be sadly mistaken."

Another thing that became evident during this preliminary teach-in is that the radical or militant student is moving in on the issue. If that continues, the environment could become a cause no more comfortable for politicians than Vietnam and other student issues that have produced major campus unrest.

The student leadership on the environment issue is at the moment politically very moderate. "Let me give it to you straight," said political science Prof. Joseph Falkson, who is identified with the more politically active student element: "These people are Republicans." Current leaders, like Scott, who started out as a forestry student, and his co-chairman, David Allan, a zoology major, run more to the "engineering, natural resources" kind of student than to the more "politicized" sociology and political science types active on other fronts, according to Prof. Sam Warner.

But even these students may become tougher for the politicians to deal with if their new environmental enthusiasm is frustrated. Scott, who says he was born a Republican, now finds himself "moving Left politically." So far, he says, the political response to the environment crisis has been "mostly public relations," of which young people are "bound to be skeptical."

Scott, for example, criticizes President Nixon for spending money to fly himself and a platoon of top Administration figures to Chicago to declare war on the pollution of the Great Lakes. That strikes Scott as cynical, when the President then cuts $250,000 from the budget for the Great Lakes Laboratory of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries—an economy which, Scott says, "will seriously jeopardize the work of the lab." He also believes "There are people in government, industry and the offices of university presidents who think this [the environment enthusiasm] is going to keep kids quiet on the campuses. They are terribly wrong."

The more radical students, as they move in on the environment issue, also see the prospect that what the politicians fail to do about it will radicalize many more young people. Marty McLaughlin, 19, outgoing president of the student government council and an "international Socialist," said in an interview that the environment crusade at the moment amounts to a kind of do-good, "reformist" movement. It will fail, he said, as McCarthy-for-President failed and as the anti-war movement failed. "And that will be

"You Can't Find an Unpolluted Wilderness To Cry in!"

good," because it will sour many more young people on "reformist" politics and push them toward something more drastic.

Bluestone also believes that the environment issue may very well backfire on Nixon, "because he won't be able really to solve it, any more than LBJ could win the war." And when Mr. Nixon fails, as Bluestone and others of his position see it, "that can't help but turn a greater and greater number of people into radicals."

Without getting into the question of whether the environment enthusiasts may ultimately be radicalized by frustration, Professor Warner, a historian, sees the new enthusiasm as a good thing. Most of the current leadership on the issue, he said, comes from "a lot of engineers and conservationists" in the student body "who now want to enter the political and social world. They want to stop making bombs, and I think that's marvelous." But, he suggested, as this kind of young person does become more politically and socially aware, he is also likely to make tougher demands on his political leaders.

None of the foregoing, however, could obscure the fact that the teach-in here strikingly demonstrated the broad popular appeal the environment issue enjoys at the moment. It was by any reckoning an extraordinary happening, a marathon of speeches. seminars, panels, skits, films, hikes, demonstrations—more than 125 events crammed into four days.

And its patrons included not only students but the middle-aged, the elderly, high school youngsters, labor leaders and corporation presidents and aca-

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demics. Boy Scouts were involved and the League of Women Voters. Militants smeared tar and feathers on the steps of a building where recruiters were interviewing students for jobs with Atlantic Richfield Co., principal developer of the Alaskan North Slope oil fields.

One group was circulating "Pledges of Social Responsibility," asking people to promise—and permit publication of their names in newspaper ads—that they would limit their families to two children. The university's president, Robben W. Fleming, found himself taking part in a program (the university helped finance the teach-in) that included demands for student-faculty participation in voting the university's 27,000 shares of General Motors stock, to make sure the company stops polluting the environment.

There was manifest fervor about it all. Some of the stunts—such as sledge-hammering an old automobile into junk after convicting it of pollution in a mock trial—seemed on about the level of panty raids, but panty raids with a conscience. And much of the activity was a good deal more sophisticated than that.

Perhaps remembering Kennedy's first announcement of the Peace Corps, Governor Milliken proposed in his speech the creation of a vacation-time "clean earth corps" to give students a chance to work on environment problems. Milliken, it seemed clear, thought this the key part of his speech. It landed on his young audience with a thud, got no response at all.

In the prepared text of his speech, Senator Muskie had included a suggestion for a "national survival corps." He left that part out when he delivered the speech, and it was probably as well. The students are watchful, they remember the fate of their other causes and they will not let the politicians slip past the environment issue with easy, do-it-yourself solutions. □

HERBERT KLEIN

COMMISSAR OF CREDIBILITY

DOM BONAFEDE

Mr. Bonafede, a former Washington correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune *and* Newsweek, *is now the White House correspondent for the* National Journal.

Washington

It seems particularly fitting that the official spokesman for the Nixon Administration, which places premium value on Middle America virtues, should be Herbert George Klein. A sandy-haired man of medium height, with an executive bulge and a passive mien, Klein at the age of 52 evokes an aura of sincerity and trustworthiness—characteristics aspired to by confidence artists and cherished by the Administration.

For more than two decades, he has been accepted by the national press as one of the "good guys." To malign Richard M. Nixon was permissible, but for some reason it was unsportsmanlike to indict his mouthpiece as an accessory. Over the years, writers have been assessing Klein as though he were encased in ice, neither growing nor wasting. With monotonous predictability, the same hyphenated adjectives have been applied to him: soft-spoken, even-tempered, crinkly-eyed, mild-mannered.

Ever since 1948, when Klein, then a reporter with the Alhambra (Calif.) *Post-Advocate,* worked as an unpaid publicist in Nixon's re-election campaign for the House, the two have been as inseparable as Tonto and the Lone Ranger. With the regularity of the Pacific tides, Klein would take autumnal leave from his job with the Copley newspapers to work in Nixon's various campaigns.

The Copley chain, which operates a parcel of mostly small and medium-size newspapers in California and Illinois, provided a suitable springboard for the Nixon-Klein ambitions. Headed by James Strohn Copley, the chain is unabashedly conservative, chauvinistic and partisan. Copley is a provincial paternalist, who refers to his employees as "the Copley family." On memorable occasions, he has presented his executives with sweat shirts and blankets emblazoned with the letter "C." Office pens, even ashtrays, are decorated with the Copley symbol. Employees recognized for good work during the year are honored with a small brass bell inscribed, "Ring of Truth."

Nonetheless, the truth, or what approximates it, may be difficult to find in the Copley newspapers on matters pertaining to politics. Particularly is this so of the San Diego *Union*, the "flagship" of the chain, where Klein was named editor in 1959. (Copley has had a long romance with the Navy and is wedded to its jargon. Many of his top executives are former naval and Marine officers.)

Using bald techniques of omission, distortion and false emphasis, the *Union* helped Nixon carry San Diego in the 1960 Presidential election by more than 19,000 votes. In the closing weeks of the campaign, the paper attacked Nixon's opponent with statements like the following: "The Democratic Presidential nominee seems willing to risk our national security for votes." . . . "Senator Kennedy seems to believe that if you tell a lie often enough it will come to be believed." . . . "He has a consuming lust for power."

The *Union* also eliminated that portion of the first Kennedy-Nixon debate which referred to President

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Eisenhower's famous reply when he was asked about Vice President Nixon's contribution to major decisions during his administration—"If you'll give me a week, I'll think of one." It further distinguished itself with such headlines as, "Election of Sen. Kennedy Would Please Russians" and "Japan Socialists Pull for Kennedy."

In a final piece of flagrant partisanship, when John F. Kennedy visited San Diego and attracted one of the biggest crowds in the city's history, the newspaper's lead story was on a Republican parade in New York City. A two-line, eight-column banner headline read: "President Hails Superior Ability/ Of Nixon, Lodge to Lead Nation."

As Klein himself has noted, he was on leave from the paper when these inglorious deceits were being perpetuated. However, that was the nature of the news organization which spawned him.

Klein is remembered at the *Union* as a tolerant editor who had a moderating influence on the loyalists and dissidents on the staff. Gerald L. Warren, now deputy White House press secretary and former assistant managing editor at the *Union*, recalls that "Herb had his hangups. If there was a shark scare off La Jolla, Herb, as a skin diver, would always find a way to soften it. You could never get the words 'shark scare' in the paper."

Despite the long association between the two men, when Nixon's big day came in November 1968, there was considerable speculation as to what role—if any—Klein would play in the new Administration. Klein had worked at New York headquarters during the campaign, taking overall responsibility for press and public relations. Traveling with Nixon as his press aide was Ronald L. Ziegler, a 29-year-old former J. Walter Thompson junior account executive and one-time Disneyland tour guide. ("Welcome aboard folks, my name is Ron and I'll be your skipper and guide down the rivers of adventure. . . . Note the alligators. Please keep your hands inside the boat. They're always looking for a handout.")

Three weeks after the election, Nixon made Klein the Administration's minister of truth, with the imposing title of Director of Communications for the Executive Branch. Both the title and the job were new; no one, probably including Klein, knew just what was intended.

Attempting to define his new position to newsmen, Klein exclaimed in a moment of euphoria: "Truth will become the hallmark of the Nixon Administration." There would, he implied, be no more ambushes in Credibility Gap. But Klein made his announcement in the same week that Ziegler first denied, then hedged, and finally confirmed reports that Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller had secretly conferred with Nixon.

The delicate question of the relationship between Klein and Ziegler arose during the baptismal days and is not yet resolved. After his election, Mr. Nixon said he planned to have no press secretary. This was interpreted to mean that he did not want around him individualists like Hagerty and Moyers, who became public personages in their own right. (He may also have remembered that during the Eisenhower administration, Hagerty's influence frequently exceeded his own as Vice President.) Klein wholeheartedly endorsed the decision: after all, it made him the Administration's overlord of information.

Then, on January 13, 1969, Ziegler, who had been called "press spokesman," casually announced that henceforth his title would be "press secretary." It was now apparent that Ziegler was equal, if not superior, to Klein in the White House caste system. When asked about it, Klein replies, "Ziegler is the spokesman for the President; I am for the Administration. He reports direct to the President and I do, too." Ziegler put it more succinctly: "I have the President and the White House."

He, indeed, has the advantage of constant media visibility and daily accessibility to the President. While Klein roams the periphery, Ziegler struts in the center of the arena. He further enjoys the confidence of a powerful ally, White House chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, for whom he once worked at J. Walter Thompson in Los Angeles.

Klein, meanwhile, works from a corner suite in the Executive Office Building, next door to the White House. He sees the President mostly on ceremonial occasions and usually communicates with him by phone or memo. At first, his time was taken up "opening doors" for reporters unable to get in to see members of the new Administration. He also coached Cabinet Secretaries green to the mores of Washington. At Nixon's first Cabinet meeting, Klein briefed the members on the hazards and benefits of dealing with the Washington press corps. Once, when Maurice Stans, George Romney, John Volpe and George Shultz were conducting a television press conference, he passed a note to them which said: "Make your answers short, dammit!" The Communications Director had communicated. However, this kind of service is less in demand, now that the officials have gained savvy and self-confidence.

Klein is fond of saying that he is not trying to make the Administration speak with "one voice." Yet his office is set up primarily as a clearinghouse to coordinate press and public affairs activities for the various major departments. Each morning the agencies check in to discuss such matters as news releases, requests from the media, how to handle situations possibly embarrassing to the Administration, and what tactics will wring maximum publicity out of an Administration action.

This interlocking arrangement keeps Klein informed about what goes on at the agencies and he can step in when his fine sense of public relations is needed. It was Klein who pushed Labor Secretary Shultz forward as the originator of the Administration's manpower reorganization program. Until then, Shultz had been just another faceless member of the Cabinet, one of "the bland leading the bland."

Klein was responsible also for the freshet of stories

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that remarked the miraculous blossoming of Secretary of State William P. Rogers into a proficient policy maker whose counsel was a strong crutch to Mr. Nixon. This was intended to offset repeated—and more nearly accurate—reports that Henry A. Kissinger, the President's national security adviser, was running foreign policy from the Situation Room in the White House basement.

To put the Administration's image across, Klein dreamed up the idea of sending "Fact Kits" to editors and broadcasters across the country. These kits present the official Nixon position on major issues, for example, the ABM controversy and the Haynsworth nomination, with supporting statements and statistics and reprints of favorable articles and newspaper columns. Opposing views are omitted, as though not worth consideration.

Klein insists that the kits, which are mailed by the thousands, are meant to be educational, not political; but the distribution costs are borne by the Republican National Committee. Strangely, the political implications appear to have escaped the press, perhaps because Klein stresses that the mailing is done without cost to the taxpayer, and does not mention that the kits are assembled by government employees.

When the kits were first introduced, a reporter interviewing Klein asked to see one of them. Klein obligingly buzzed for a secretary. She had no kits handy, but added, "There are some at the Republican National Committee." Until then, the reporter had not known of the tie-in. After the reporter left, Klein instructed the secretary in a basic rule of government public relations: "Never volunteer anything."

That may well be the byword of the Nixon Administration. Following Mr. Nixon's victory in 1968, Klein told reporters, "You'll see much of the President." He also promised "numerous" Presidential press conferences, perhaps as many as one every two weeks. Instead, Mr. Nixon has become the most remote, private and inaccessible President since Calvin Coolidge. He has held only nine press conferences—far fewer than his immediate predecessors in a comparable period of time.

Klein also foresaw "a very personalized Presidency." But the country is getting an electronic Presidency, in which Mr. Nixon usurps prime TV time to take his case "directly to the people." These are one-dimensional performances, artfully staged and executed, which allow Nixon to sell his product without being subjected to taxing cross-examination by well-informed reporters. With these solo acts, Nixon grabs the next day's headlines, and the rebuttals lag far behind. Thus he not only commands the air waves but also manipulates the newspapers.

It is all too apparent that the "open Administration" evoked by Klein has yet to materialize. A credibility gap is endemic in all administrations; its danger—as Lyndon Johnson learned—lies in the amount of political capital the opposition can coin from it. By being an elusive target, Nixon has baffled

Toronto Star

the foe. Refusing to be drawn into debate with his adversaries, he stands not behind the battle but above it, levitated like a royal sun god. The likes of Agnew and Mitchell are allowed to bruise their images as his front-running mercenaries. They are his shield and his sword.

Klein probably contributed little to this strategy. Mr. Nixon seems to be still following the advice of that ultra-practical political strategist, Murray Chotiner, a Nixon adviser from as far back as the Helen Gahagan Douglas smear. Chotiner, in eclipse for awhile, is now back in favor as a special counsel to the President.

As Nixon recalls in *Six Crises*, Chotiner told him, during the tempest over the $18,000 slush fund in the 1952 campaign: "What we have to do is get you before the biggest possible audience, so that you can talk over the heads of the press to the people. The people, I am convinced, are for you, but the press is killing you."

On the other hand, Klein is forever claiming that he prefers a closer rapport between the press and

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the President, and the fact that Nixon holds to the Chotiner line may be a measure of Klein's influence in the Administration. Nonetheless, Klein, an obedient $42,500-a-year Nixon disciple, is willing to aid and abet the Chotiner approach.

Klein, who prides himself on being an advocate of a freer flow of information, has never explained his role in Vice President Agnew's celebrated blast at the television commentators. He has a pipe line to the Vice President's office through one of his assistants, Herbert L. Thompson, a 46-year-old former wire service reporter. A folksy, down-home type of fellow, Thompson also serves as Agnew's press aide, the dubious explanation being that the Vice President doesn't need a full-time press assistant (even though he has three offices and until recently, had four).

Many people suspect that the real motive is supervision. Thompson's first allegiance and primary responsibility is to Klein. With Thompson as a link, Klein, and hence the White House, can keep tabs on Agnew's activities. It would therefore be gullible to believe that Klein did not know in advance of Agnew's Des Moines speech. There is, in fact, considerable evidence that he was not only aware of the speech but was involved in its phrasing.

On the very morning of the day Agnew criticized the networks, Klein in an interview with me voiced resentments extraordinarily similar to those expressed by the Vice President. He took a crack at commentators who resort to "unfair comments," maintaining that "they use their commentary like a rebuttal." As an example, he, like Agnew, cited the televised commentary after Nixon's November 3 speech on Vietnam, adding, "I don't feel this fulfills the primary purpose of providing background."

Klein spoke in a similar vein during a taped interview with NET on November 11, two days before Agnew's attack. It is also known that Klein was the liaison between the Vice President's office and Pat Buchanan, the White House speech writer who drafted the Agnew speech. It is a safe bet that Klein not only saw the speech before it was delivered but suggested several changes.

If that is true, it is ironic: at the same time that Agnew was scolding the "tiny and closed fraternity of privileged men," Klein was adding to his staff a new assistant whose sole duty would be to fill requests from radio-television newsmen. "Broadcast newsmen never had such service before," rhapsodized *Broadcasting* in its November 17 issue. The coincidence is trivial, but it illustrates the love-hate feeling of the Administration for television.

During his November 13 interview with me, Klein singled out *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* for what he described as their "usually negative" attitude toward the President. These were the same two newspapers mentioned by Agnew in his second attack on the media. Such consistency does not happen by chance in Washington; it indicates a coordinated assault.

On November 16, Klein declared on CBS's *Face the Nation* that all the media, including newspapers, ought to re-examine themselves. Then, in a statement startling for a former newspaper man and alleged champion of press freedom to make, he asserted that unless that was done "you do invite the government to come in." Klein contended that he did not mean to threaten or intimidate the media (Agnew also denied such intentions), but the inference was there.

Actually, Klein, as a traveling evangelist for the Administration, has been criticizing the media for some time. Approximately twice a month, he makes a speaking trip to the hinterlands to spread the Nixon gospel and invariably he berates the press for "its own credibility gap."

It was not always so; a professional publicist, Klein is skilled at playing both sides of the street. When the Democrats occupied the White House, he hurled at them accusations similar to those now leveled at the Nixon Administration. President Kennedy, he charged in May 1961, was "seeking to discredit the nation's press" by lessening its effectiveness through the formation of a centralized federal information system. He further charged that the Kennedy administration was stooping to "raw blackmail" by threatening to invoke antitrust suits against newspapers that owned television stations and against chain newspaper operations.

Klein also criticized White House "backgrounders" (news briefings conducted by government officials in which attribution is withheld) as a scheme devised by the Kennedy administration to promote its legislative program. The technique is commonly employed today. "It is time the press challenged the President to state his views clearly and specifically," Klein once asserted. The demand is currently heard regarding Laos, school integration and other national issues.

Klein had also been a forceful critic of the U.S. Information Agency, as it operated under Kennedy and Johnson. Yet he had no criticism of a recent fifteen-minute, $20,000 USIA film entitled *The Silent Majority*. It was rushed into production last November after the Washington moratorium to show national approval of Nixon's war policy and offset any impression overseas that demonstrations in the United States reflect the prevailing sentiment of the American people.

As a propagandist, Klein sometimes gets carried away. Speaking against the expansion of the food-stamp program last year, he proclaimed in DeKalb, Ill.: "A lot of mothers will go out and buy Pepsi-Cola or a Coke for their children instead of milk. Or they might buy a lot of potato chips for them to eat." And in support of defense contractors, he has said, "I think if the trend continues to make a goat out of the military-industrial complex, it will hurt the morale of our troops and hurt the United States' international relations."

Occasionally, he has made snappish comments about public demonstrations. Following the over-

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whelmingly peaceful November moratorium in Washington—the largest public gathering in the history of the nation's capital—Klein claimed that if it had not been for police and troops "the damage to Washington . . . would have been far greater than it was at the time of the previous riots after the death of Martin Luther King." Klein's assessment was at complete variance with that made by Washington police officials, who had high praise for the great majority of the demonstrators. It is also refuted by the just released report of the committee of lawyer observers headed by Ramsey Clark. When Mrs. Martha Mitchell, the wife of the Attorney General, issued her now famous televised diatribe against "liberal Communists" in the Washington demonstrations, Klein was among the first to telephone and congratulate her on her performance.

Klein insists that "you no longer hear people talk about a credibility gap," but one wonders when they will start again. The President has certainly been less than candid on his role in the Green Beret trials, U.S. involvement in Laos and the busing controversy. And in a recent announcement regarding a proposed cutback in fifty-seven federal programs, Mr. Nixon maintained in a fanfare of publicity that the action would save $2.5 billion. The facts are that the curtailments had already been proposed weeks earlier in his 1971 fiscal budget and that, according to Budget Bureau officials, the economy would amount to about $1 billion. As one example, the President said that abolishing an eleven-man tea-tasters board would return $127,000 to U.S. taxpayers. He did not mention that the tea industry contributes $50,000 of that amount and is willing to pay the full cost.

Back in late November 1968, when Klein was appointed communications director, tremors swept Washington that he would become, in the words of Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.), chairman of the House subcommittee on government information, an "information czar." Those fears have given way to puzzlement as to just how much power Klein commands. It is now clear that he is a technician, not a policy maker; a propagandist, not a communicator. There is even some question whether he is boss in his own office. Recently, Jeb S. Magruder, a special assistant to the President, was moved in as deputy director. He and Paul Costello, a former *Boston Herald* political reporter who is Klein's executive assistant, run the day-to-day operations of the fifteen-man staff.

Before Mr. Nixon has been in office a year and a half, the rumbles of a credibility gap are heard along the Potomac. If that gap should grow, Klein may become the victim of his own propaganda. □

EIGHT MONTHS IN FRANCO'S JAIL

THE DUCHESS OF MEDINA-SIDONIA

The Duchess of Medina-Sidonia is a grandee of Spain, a country that still venerates its aristocracy. She can, therefore, play matador to Franco's bull, a sport for which she has both the dexterity and the courage.

Madrid

I went to Franco's jail because an American plane crashed on Spanish soil. If a U.S. Air Force B-52 bomber, armed with four hydrogen bombs, had fallen in France or England, no one would have been surprised at protest marches and demonstrations—particularly if the people on whom the plane landed had been denied just compensation for the material and psychological losses sustained. But the B-52 that fell on January 17, 1966, came down on the tiny seaside village of Palomares where a population of small truck farmers and coastal fishermen eke out an existence. Many months of decontamination work followed the discovery that casings of the bombs had cracked, possibly spilling dangerously radioactive material. The tomato crop, on which at least part of the village was totally dependent, suffered a complete loss as the productive topsoil of this arid land was scraped off, sealed into metal drums, and shipped to a U.S. cemetery for radioactive wastes. The Palomares fishermen were no better off, for one of the bombs had been lost in coastal waters and until it was discovered, months later and apparently intact, there was a distinct drop in the market for fish from the region.

At the time, the proprietors of the B-52 promised all kinds of satisfaction—economic, physical, moral. These assurances from Washington were corroborated by the Spanish state, and the people of Palomares remained calm. But as public opinion forgot the incident, the promises evaporated, and those who were responsible decided to blanket the whole affair in silence. Determined to fight for the compensation that was due them, the people of Palomares engaged lawyers and came to Madrid where they talked to officials at the U.S. Embassy, in the Foreign Claims Commission, at Torrejon Air Force Base, and with their own government. They filled out forms, signed documents, provided such proofs and statistics as were demanded. Everything was clear. On paper it was evident that they were owed money—a little more than $1 million. That is a lot of money for the people of Palomares; very little for the greatest power in the Western world.

Nevertheless, American authorities shelved the matter. There were to be no medical certificates of good health for the worried villagers and not one cent beyond what had already been paid them. At that point the villagers began to understand the power of publicity. They had no money, but they had

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the strength of numbers. What would have happened in the first week in any other country took place a year later in Spain. Once more the villagers left for Madrid, but this time their trip was not silent. A march took place before the foreign press and its television cameras.

Although I do not come from Palomares, I was at the head of that march. The reason was simple: some time earlier the villagers had asked me for my help and I had accepted. We did not walk far, barely 200 yards. But that was enough. The police arrested me and I was indicted, for in Spain peaceful demonstrations are against the law. Months later I was condemned by the Public Order Court (Franco's court for political crimes) to a year in jail and 10,000 pesetas ($142) fine. The judge gave exactly the sentence that the prosecution had demanded, and the Supreme Court upheld the judgment.

I entered jail on March 27, 1969, giving myself up to the court as the law demands. There were some who interpreted my docility as evidence of secret guarantees that I would soon be freed, for in my country it is a tradition that members of a sufficiently elevated social class may violate the law without suffering the consequences. But by my actions at Palomares I had enrolled myself on the side of those who do not benefit from such privileges. I knew perfectly well that I would not be let go except under one of two conditions: the public renunciation of my principles, in the form of repentance for what had taken place; or the total reversal of my sentence, an unlikely prospect.

Jail is a great teacher. Prison accentuates the evils of a system. In that closed world, directly subjected to state authority, the prisoner begins to understand principles that are not so clear outside. In jail or out, we all live under the government's tutelage, but absolute dependency is reserved for the prisoner.

The prison system, like any other branch of Spanish bureaucracy, has been accumulating over the years a mass of plans, ordinances, regulations and laws, as extensive as they are contradictory. As a result, each Spanish jail operates according to its own rules. For instance, though all prisoners are allotted 25c a day for food—which in itself is insufficient—diet varies widely from one establishment to another, even when they are separated only by a thin wall, as is the case with the men's and women's prisons at Alcalá de Henares.* Again, books and newspapers that are permitted in one prison are prohibited in another; in many cases no newspapers at all are allowed. When I entered jail, newspapers were forbidden by the order of the prison director, even though for many years they have been distributed in the majority of prisons.

The quasi-military system of Spanish prisons is rigidly hierarchical. At the top is the Director General of Prisons who, as with most high Spanish posts, is named by the government. The base of the pyramid is composed of prison guards who have gained their position through a sort of Civil Service examination. All orders come from the top, and in no case are they to be appealed or even discussed by those who receive them—to ask questions betrays a lack of discipline. When, as often happens, it is impossible to obey orders because of physical conditions or a lack of personnel, token compliance fulfills the demands of obedience. Submission is rewarded with favors and small privileges, and the chaos that prevails is concealed beneath an appearance of iron discipline.

The "New Plan for Prisoners," as the recent prison reform was labeled, is designed to correct this situation. The responsibilities of prisoners are very carefully delineated, as are their rights, though these are not so explicitly defined in the section on punishment. The "Prisoner's Pamphlet," the only explanation of penal rules available to the new prisoner, significantly ends a note explaining what is prohibited with: "and in general any action or omission that constitutes a crime."

Among the rights of prisoners are standards of hygiene and sanitation. These are extensive and assume facilities that are totally lacking in most prisons. In the central prison for women there were no showers, nor was there even sufficient running water. There were not enough funds to purchase medicines for the infirmary; often the prison doctor, after writing a prescription, advised the patient to find some way to buy the medicine himself through the local prison store. Neither situation was foreseen in the "New Plan."

The physical difficulties of Spanish prison life are compounded by problems of morale. The most important section of the new penal code refers to the re-education of prisoners, who are to be submitted to the observation of educators and psychologists in preparation for an early return to society. This process is supposed to divide the inmates into three groups. The first includes recent arrivals and the worst behaved. When they are thought ready to advance, prisoners move to the second stage, where they are transferred to other departments or institutions for observation and education, including professional and intellectual preparation that provides eleven types of studies and degrees.

From there, the prisoner eventually moves on to the third, or pre-liberty, stage. He resides in the prison, but works outside. When his keepers and educators decide that the prisoner merits total confidence, he is given the grand prize: a conditional liberty that allows him to return home, reporting only monthly to a parole officer and informing the authorities of any change of address. Such access to liberty can in theory be obtained before the prisoner's original sentence has expired.

Excellent, but to begin with there are no educators. In Alcalá, the inmates get along with a social

* The women's prison at Alcalá, 30 miles west of Madrid, is where the Duchess served her term.

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worker whose job is limited to bringing the prisoners' children for a visit every year or so. The three-part gradation of prisoners recommended in the plan was practiced, but advancement up the penal order depends on the will of the chaplain and the prison nuns, for whom the only criteria are the number of prayers accumulated and a general display of piety. Thus a prisoner may attain to conditional freedom merely by being conspicuously devout—if, that is, he is not a political detainee.

Of course we were not recognized as political offenders. To all intents and purposes we were considered common prisoners. Nevertheless, within the prison there were differences. We were respected, and the authorities were careful about ordering capricious punishment because they knew we would inform our lawyers. At the same time, many of the warders felt a real sympathy for anyone who would risk jail for something other than a crime. In practice, then, it was simple prudence to separate us from the common prisoners, especially when there were a number of us. The authorities feared our influence on the others and knew that we would come to their defense when they needed us.

The physical discomforts were equally bad for all of us; however, we political prisoners were able to obtain improvements that had always been denied to common prisoners. One was the right to warm our cells with butane gas heaters. In Alcalá, political prisoners were even excused from the mechanical tasks of cleaning the prison—though we would not have been obliged to perform them in any case, since it had always been permitted to pay someone else to do the work.

Our real problem began the moment we tried to obtain premature release. Conditional release, which in theory is available to those displaying good conduct, was beyond our reach, since to gain it one must sign a document repenting the act for which one has been imprisoned. A burglar may repent of his theft with good conscience, but we had acted out of ideological convictions, and being locked up had not changed our ideas.

General Francisco Franco

As for amnesty, I found out for myself. An aunt of mine, worried for my health, asked for my release in accordance with regulations laid down by the government. I was told I would be released on July 22. Four days before that date I was called before a special, seven-member board, almost half of which were nuns. I was asked if I would repent. Naturally, I could not, and I was turned down, even though my conduct in jail had been perfect and I had not received any additional punishments. That morning I was forced to remember Olavide, the last great man condemned by the Inquisition, who also had to "renounce his errors." A system based on the mystique of words, of paper projects and designs, cannot allow actions that oppose its propaganda. It cannot tolerate other voices contradicting the plans, revealing them as fiction.

The only benefit the political prisoner can get without forsaking his principles is a reduction of sentence through work. Generally speaking, a prisoner is given fifteen days off for every month of work done in jail. Again, I ran into difficulties. A long war of nerves was mounted, based on orders and counter orders, as my jailers turned to pure and simple trickery to prevent me from earning time off. I defended myself as best I could with submissiveness and patience.

When I arrived in the Alcalá prison, I was assigned as a helper to the teaching nun. From May to July I worked in the prison school, correcting notebooks and teaching illiterates to read. One day, somebody told me that this work could not be counted toward the reduction of my sentence. Ordinarily a prisoner is allowed to choose the work he wants to do. In my case, however, the director general had assigned me a single task: to write a book on the 18th century.

I went to the director immediately to find out just what was happening. He succeeded in avoiding the subject. Then I found myself in an absurd situation: I could not abandon the school without the director's orders, because this would constitute a breach of discipline. Neither could I write as he had instructed, because my typewriter was in the school and I could use it for only two hours a day. I thought I would finally have to resign myself to losing the only right that was within reach, the right to work off part of my sentence. This would have meant another four months in jail—that is, a winter in my cell where long-termers said it got cold enough to freeze oil.

But with help from my two fellow political prisoners, I finally pinned the warder down: to earn the two months off my sentence which I thought I had already won, he gave me six days in which to produce 100 typewritten pages of the manuscript they

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had set me to doing. Somehow, working day and night, I managed. From then on I continued to earn my reduction through this preposterous "intellectual work," which at least gave me freedom to move around the prison while the war of nerves between myself and my jailers continued. Any phrase or word that could offend the authorities would not only have meant loss of the time off already earned but also a sanction which could actually have prolonged my original sentence. I never wrote so carefully. Thus I accomplished a tour de force: 500 pages on the 18th century which did not even mention the philosophers of the Enlightenment. The last thing my Spanish jailers taught me is that you survive by using your head. To be prudent is easy enough—the difficult part is to be as cunning as a jailer. □

THE RHETORIC OF VIOLENCE

EUGENE GOODHEART
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The operative words are "pig," "bullshit," "motherfucker." It is the language of Left militant students who find themselves "up against the wall." The "alma-mater fuckers" (Lionel Trilling's phrase) thrust the new militant rhetoric into prominence first in 1965 at Berkeley, then in 1967 at Columbia. The Columbia episode made the new rhetoric a permanent feature of the political landscape. Perhaps the most memorable moment was Mark Rudd's denunciation of a faculty meeting with the cry "bullshit." The years 1965-67 are about the time when the black militants expelled the white radicals from the fight against racism. The *machismo* and ghetto energy of their language suggest that these white radicals are expiating for their expulsion—trying to prove to their mistrustful black brothers that they too can think black. The great volume of comment about militant rhetoric ranges from indignation to amused or impassioned defense. For reasons that I hope will soon become clear, it is immensely difficult to find the right perspective and tone for writing convincingly about the phenomenon.

Unfortunately, the political and ethical issues created by radical rhetoric easily become confused with the legal question. I was recently asked by the university in which I teach to serve on a panel concerned with legal aspects of the political demonstrations that had taken place there. They had consisted for the most part of obstructive sit-ins and sloganeering. Much of the anxiety in the panel discussions concerned verbal violence, not physical violence. There was considerable evidence of threatening and abusive language, but it was clear that little of the verbal violence had spilled over into physical action. Nevertheless, the sense of outrage experienced by those who were the objects of abuse was so strong that for them verbal attack seemed the equivalent of physical violence. It became necessary to argue, as the majority of the panel (myself included) argued, that whatever one thinks of the use of words like "pig" and "motherfucker" in political protest, one should not seek redress from civil authorities. For anybody of libertarian persuasion the recourse to law in such a matter must be resisted, especially at a moment like the present, when the "law and order" argument has become immensely attractive to the general society. Moreover, implicit in the legal response to political demonstration, is the irrelevant idea of retributive justice and the feeling of self-righteousness in those administering justice—a feeling that no American can well afford.

But neither can the militants afford *their* self-righteousness in the political debate. Indeed, the style of militant rhetoric effectively prevents debate. Or at least, the style makes it very hard to bring the issue into focus. For instance, when criticizing militant rhetoric one runs the risks of falling into a humorless solemnity. The trick perfected by the Yippies is a quick capacity for modulating from impassioned denunciation to an extravagantly farcical jeering. By hoking it up to make the whole idea of institutional authority seem absurd, the language or gesture of militancy effectively disarms its adversaries. So what if a student smokes the president's cigars or scrawls graffiti on the wall? A censorious or disapproving response only reveals the critic to be "uptight," the insinuation being that American puritanism, with its repressiveness and hypocrisy, is somehow implicated in the self-righteousness of American foreign policy.

There is truth in this perception. But the quick sliding tone of militant rhetoric is a disingenuous exercise in evading legitimate criticism or debate. If one believes, as the militants believe, that injustice is pervasive in the world and that the very life of our planet is endangered not only by military ambitions but by indifference to ecological problems, then the Dada politics of the militants is inappropriate. The problems need solutions, not publicity, whereas Dada politics is at best a comic relief from an apocalyptic situation. It is also a symptom of our catastrophic age—hysteria sublimated into farce. Norman Mailer said that the Chicago 7 were incapable of conspiracy because they were egomaniacs. It is hard to see how egomania will help us in the struggle for planetary survival.

The militants try to disarm their critics by claim-

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ing that the real violence is the institutional authority they are attacking; the real obscenity is in the killing of innocent civilians, the exploitation of ghetto blacks, the unconscionable perpetuation of poverty. Doubtless that is where the real obscenity is. But this "defense" of rhetorical violence has as much cogency as the response of the commissar to the American businessman in the Moscow Metro who wondered aloud why the trains were so infrequent: "And what about the lynchings down South?" By what logic is a lesser obscenity justified by a larger one in the camp of the enemy? Presumably by the pragmatic logic which justifies any tactic to achieve the desirable goal of ending the killing and eliminating exploitation and poverty. "Pig" and "motherfucker" are intended to provoke violence in the enemy, thus to show the world the real nature of the beast beneath the skin of civilized decorum, and thus to generate support from the inactive but sympathetic middle, which needs evidence of institutional violence in order to be "radicalized." But if "pig" and "motherfucker" are as potent as the militants imply by their devotion to this rhetoric, should they not be expected to arouse revulsion, if not violence, from the uncommitted middle? Even a violent police response to the language comes to be justified by the sentiment—well, after all even the cops are human. It remains unclear what constructive political ends are served (on radical terms) by the Manichean rhetoric.

For many militants the use of this language is not simply a matter of political expediency. There is strong sentiment in the new militancy for an honest and expressive politics. The language of politics must express itself openly, honestly, even brutally —especially in an atmosphere dominated by euphemism and outright lie. The classic defense of an uneuphemistic political rhetoric is Orwell's *Politics and the English Language* (1946):

> In our time, political speech and writing are largely the defense of the indefensible. Things like the continuance of British rule in India, the Russian purges and deportations, the dropping of the atom bombs on Japan, can indeed be defended, but only by arguments which are too brutal for most people to face, and which do not square with the professed aims of political parties. Thus political language has to consist largely of euphemism, question-begging and sheer cloudy vagueness. Defenceless villages are bombarded from the air, the inhabitants driven out into the countryside, the cattle machine-gunned, the huts set on fire with incendiary bullets: this is called *pacification*. Millions of peasants are robbed of their farms and sent trudging along the roads with no more than they can carry: this is called *transfer of population* or *rectification of frontiers*. People are imprisoned for years without trial, or shot in the back of the neck or sent to die of scurvy in the Arctic lumber camps: this is called *elimination of unreliable elements*. Such phraseology is needed if one wants to name things without calling up mental pictures of them.

It should be noted that Orwell's corrective language is free of any suggestion of obscenity and I would suggest consequently more powerful. Simply by giving the situation its true name and by refusing to engage in melodramatic editorializing the obscenity is made transparent. The words "pigs" or "motherfucker" reveal little about cops, faculty, institutional administrations. They may reveal the emotions of the demonstrators toward their enemies, though more often than not the ritualized use of the language empties it of genuine emotion. Moreover, the language unwittingly reflects on the man who uses it rather than on the object of its use. I recall seeing a YAF student wearing a button condemning the SDS. Two swastikas replaced the esses, and from the distance it appeared as if the student were wearing a button vaunting his commitment to Nazism. There is a comparable boomerang in the militant rhetoric of insult.

One recalls the romantic sentiment and rhetoric of the civil rights movement before the split between white and black. It is customary to scorn both the sentiment and the rhetoric as naive and illusive. It is true that there were false notes in Martin Luther King's eloquence, and the abrasiveness of the new rhetoric was welcomed as a tonic. But the considerable virtue of the earlier rhetoric, for all its false notes, was that it suggested a world antithetic to the world it was attacking. The new rhetoric emulates the violence of a world it professes to despise. And the new rhetoric is unredeemed by its professed commitment to truth, because it is guilty of reverse sentimentality. It lacks the kind of conscience that Orwell proposed for honest political discourse and action.

Jason Epstein, a sophisticated defender of violent political rhetoric, sees criticism of militant rhetoric as motivated by squeamishness:

> Yet there is something squeamish in Trilling's view that the moral ideas—or fantasies as he calls them—of political dissidents in our time have merged with a violent reality. It is as if he too had come to take literally the violent political rhetoric of the moment and regarded it, as the authors of the anti-riot act, in a cruder way, had also done, as the moral equivalent of violent action, as if the moral rhetoric implicit in the occasional violent acts of political dissenters, and not the violence itself—their own and the official violence which often stimulates it—were the true object of moral or judicial scrutiny.

But this ignores the purpose of "violent political rhetoric," which is to create the *effect of violence* in language. A man who is called "pig" is supposed to feel the cruelty of the insult in his gut. No one who has actually witnessed a confrontation could possibly take Mr. Epstein's line in the matter. Indeed, when the violence of the language ceases to be experienced as violence, the language loses its effectiveness. In order to maintain credibility the militants might *logically* have to decide to throw bombs.

Apart from the matter of expediency, there is the question of the good faith of the rhetoric. The militant feeling against business as usual is part of the movement's moral strength. It is valuable for the movement to dramatize continually the moral

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idiocy of a society that devotes most of its energy to the making of armaments, when its very survival is in question. The coercive impulse in militancy is to force the society to untrack itself from its present disastrous course. But it is also a fact that the ideological habits of the militants constitute a sort of business as usual. The militant response can become an immoral inflexibility—an expression of unwillingness to listen to a genuine objection and to change one's mind when reality requires a change of mind.

In their critiques and actions the militants operate

too often on a double standard, which makes their activity immune from the charges they level at others. Take for instance, the charge of "elitism" that is constantly leveled against all social institutions. The movement itself is elitist—its authority is the moral law, not the silent majority. The distinction that should be made is between good elitism and bad elitism, elitism based on a moral or intellectual idea rather than on mere power. On this distinction the militants are too often vulnerable, for they illicitly identify their own power drive with the moral law. Students will demand power, junior faculty will demand power, not from any reasoned argument for the morality of the demand but from an assumed identity between the power of the group and the morality of the goal. This kind of elitism is finally no different in moral quality from an elitism based on inherited privilege or on any kind of arbitrarily constituted authority.

That does not invalidate the charges which the militants level at institutional authority. Institutional authority is rarely willing to change except under strong prodding. One hardly needs to prove the frequent corruption and bad faith of institutional authority and of its civil, bland, reassuring rhetoric. The militants, it seems to me, are perfectly right in wanting the universities to be instrumental to social change—up to a point. The classic definition that the campus is a place devoted exclusively to the disinterested pursuit of thought has been effectively discredited by the presence there of technological study and of Political Science Departments that serve the interests of the Establishment. If one does technological work in the universities one should devote oneself to the rehabilitation of the cities and the elimination of poverty, rather than to military hardware and the development of counterinsurgency programs. It is the mark of intellectual vitality, indeed of disinterest, that an institution is able to redirect its energies where they will do the most good to society, even if this involves a sacrifice of the personal investment that administration and faculty have made in certain kinds of activity for ten, fifteen or twenty years. What is called academic freedom is often a mask for this personal investment. On the other hand, the view that the university must become a completely *instrumental* institution is indiscriminate and poisonous. Philosophical speculation, mathematical study, literary criticism: they constitute part of the intellectual pleasure, happiness and discipline of a humane society. Not only do they not require validation but one might suspect the health and value of a society or a political viewpoint that requires that they be validated as instruments of social change.

It has been increasingly difficult to argue for what Renata Adler calls the radical middle in the universities. The war in Vietnam goes on, the urban crisis deepens. One wants action, so the militant tries to find in language the moral equivalent of action. But the moral equivalent proves to be invective. Those in the "middle" (students and faculty) feel they must respond to the radical challenge because a truth is embedded in the behavior and language of the militants; at the same time, they cannot endure the self-righteousness, disingenuousness and obtuseness of movement people—or at least those movement people who have been stupefied by their own rhetoric. To the extent that the radical middle is present in the movement its effect is civilizing and humanizing. Unfortunately, the articulateness of those in the middle often lacks sufficient force, perhaps because their critical perspective is qualified by guilt. Not wanting to create trouble for the militants, they are often reduced to impotent silence. Polarization makes it difficult to express rational intermediate positions—and when one polarization is false and unnecessary (concerned with fabricated issues having little to do with the fundamental corruption of society) it has a noxious effect on the moral and intellectual life of the university.

I anticipate a question that may be asked by liberals as well as radical militants: why take the time even to write an article to criticize the current rhetoric, if the real obscenity in American life is the continuing war and the proposed deployment of ABM in a society that needs its major energy devoted to the elimination of pollution and poverty? The answer is that the rhetoric is part of the suicidal impulse of contemporary radicalism: it shows an ideological commitment to antagonize would-be powerful allies because they suffer from the vice of liberalism. It is misplaced purism to worry about the less than spotless credentials of a Congressman or a former Presi-

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dential adviser who is now prepared to exert himself for unilateral withdrawal from Vietnam, or who may be able to add to the votes against ABM and MIRV. Such people are not "irrelevant" to the struggle for a more decent world, though they may be irrelevant in the "revolutionary" situation that exists only in the incredible egotism of self-styled revolutionaries.

The baloney of Establishment rhetoric does not justify the disease of militant rhetoric—even if one wants to argue that the disease has been created by the system. It *has* been created by the system, but we are all victims of the system, and cannot afford the "luxury" of being involved in a symptomatic politics. Rage (real or simulated) will not prevail against this blind and greedy society. We need a politics at once radical and liberal, intelligent and passionate, and righteous without self-congratulation. □

DEFENSE BLACKMAIL

LOCKHEED THREATENS TO DIE

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Washington

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation is threatening to die and deprive the United States of its contribution to national security. In a strongly worded, almost threatening, letter, Lockheed's board chairman, Daniel J. Haughton, has told the Defense Department that the company could not complete work on four major weapons programs unless it received $644 million in interim funds. The company stated that, to complete the delivery of eighty-one C-5A aircraft, Lockheed's most controversial Defense contract, during 1971 and 1972, "an additional $435 to $500 million would be required to cover production expenditure."

Rep. William S. Moorhead (D., Pa.) commented that "This is like an 80-ton dinosaur who comes to your door and says, 'if you don't feed me I will die and what are you going to do with 80 tons of dead stinking dinosaur in your yard?' " In this case Lockheed is threatening to destroy the industrial economy of Georgia, home state of Senator Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, and leave the Air Force with a pile of unfinished C-5As with defective wings.

The C-5A costs have grown astronomically. Deputy Secretary of Defense David Packard stated in recent testimony before the House Armed Services Committee that while the original cost of 115 C-5As —excluding five research models and spare parts— was to be $1.9 billion, it has now grown to $3.2 billion for only eighty-one planes. However, Packard testified that the government owes the company only $2.5 billion, having already paid out $2.04 billion. Only four out of the eighty-one planes have been delivered to and accepted by the Air Force. Three more C-5As are being tested before delivery and eight more are in the final stages of assembly. The first squadron of twenty aircraft was scheduled to be delivered before the end of July 1970, to—where else?—Charleston, S.C., the district of Chairman L. Mendel Rivers. However, the Air Force now says that only five aircraft of the first squadron will reach Charleston by July. That is another, yet to be announced, substantial schedule slippage, on top of a six-month schedule slippage announced last year.

In other words, by July of this year, the Air Force will have received only nine C-5As, but will have paid out the entire $2.5 billion which the government claims is the maximum amount it owes Lockheed for eighty-one planes. If it wants the rest of the order for which it has paid, says Lockheed, it will have to shell out up to $500 million more. It is also instructive to point out that even these planes, up through plane number 32, will have defective wing structures.

Information concerning the C-5A program has been almost shut off. The Air Force informed a Congressional office that it could not respond to phone call requests on such sensitive questions as, "How many planes to a squadron?" Their explanation was that Mr. Packard had sent down a decree that the C-5A was a "sensitive" program and that all information divulged must be in response to written requests and "coordinated" through his office.

Some interesting issues are raised by this situation. When the C-5A ran into severe cost and performance problems, as well as problems in Congress, the Republican Administration decided that, despite the original critical need for 120 of these aircraft, only eighty-one of them (at $55 million per copy) would be enough. This cutback accounts for the biggest chunk of Lockheed's $600 million claim against the Pentagon. The company insists that it has a binding contract for 115 planes. If the Air Force should concede this point, the Pentagon will have hell to pay on the Hill—Congress has authorized the Air Force to buy only eighty-one planes.

Mr. Packard exhibited rather banal partisanship when he conveniently stressed that Lockheed's plight stems "from [four] contracts which were executed before the present Administration took office." He failed to mention a fifth contract, for the

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S-3A, which he O.K.'d last August, and on which Lockheed may also be in grave trouble. So grave that Mr. Packard wrote the Navy on February 25 threatening to cancel the program on June 30 unless costs—now $100 million above last fall's estimate—were brought under control.

Is Lockheed using its leverage on the Department of Defense to solve woes of its commercial programs? Would any of the cash Lockheed wants from the Pentagon go to underwrite the L-1011 commercial transport, on which first delivery is scheduled for November 1971? Some industry sources (as reported in *Armed Forces Journal*) estimate that the L-1011 entails a potential loss of up to $600 million. Apparently Lockheed has at present only 100 firm orders and eighty tentative orders for the L-1011, for which the estimated break-even point is 225.

Mr. Haughton said in his letter that the Lockheed appeal to the Pentagon was based on a "recognition of the interdependence of the company and the Department of Defense." This observation calls attention to the peculiar character of big weapons system contractors. As a rule, they produce planes, missiles and ships in plants and with machines owned in substantial measure by the government. At Marietta, Ga., Lockheed is building the C-5A under that arrangement. Ninety per cent of the costs of labor and materials is covered by the government in the form of progress payments. In other words, the major defense firms own little but their managerial skills. Curiously, those are precisely the assets now being called into question at Lockheed. Can the taxpayer afford to buy management talent of this quality? Ironically, Lockheed's slogan—"Look to Lockheed for Leadership"—was embossed on Mr. Haughton's letter to Mr. Packard.

Conrad, Los Angeles Times

"Military-Industrial Complexes Never Die . . . Never Die . . . Never Die . . .!"

Rep. George Mahon (D., Tex.), the powerful chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, said that while he thought the C-5A was needed, "you don't want to throw good money after bad." He also directly blamed Lockheed's management for its plight; "they just didn't do a good job on the C-5A. . . . They made a lot of mistakes." Yet Deputy Secretary Packard, a member in good standing of the Aerospace Club, told the Congress that there was no choice but to bail out Lockheed; otherwise it would die and put the national security in jeopardy. He summarily dismissed other possibilities, including the reorganization of the company, merger, or bankruptcy proceedings, stating that they do not "appear to offer very attractive solutions to the problems, either to the standpoint of the government or of the company." Packard, former chairman of a large defense contractor, ought to know.

It is indefensible to dismiss bankruptcy and reorganization thus casually. Gordon Rule, the Navy's chief procurement officer, testifying before Congress last year, argued that, "If defense contractors can't hack it . . . they ought to be terminated for default, and if they lose money and go bankrupt let them do it. Maybe a couple of bankruptcies and defaults in the defense industry is going to do them good."

In 1964, a division of General Dynamics Corporation threatened to die in the midst of producing the Standard Missile unless its demands were met. A. E. Fitzgerald, the sacked Air Force efficiency expert, was consulting on that program. He made some informal inquiries and discovered that Boeing and Lockheed would be delighted to take over the operation. The only persons affected by the change, he discovered, would be two dozen General Dynamics executives who would have been dismissed. Under the threat of this competition, General Dynamics suddenly restored itself to health.

During the military debate last summer, some cynics jokingly dubbed the $522 million authorization and appropriation for the C-5A the Lockheed Relief Bill. And not much relief, at that. Senator Proxmire, on the floor of the Senate last year, warned that this appropriation would provide Lockheed with enough profit to reduce their loss of $671 million to $507 million, "which means that next year we will be faced with bailing out Lockheed again."

It appears now that Mr. Packard will grant Lockheed a second relief fund in six months. Nor will this necessarily be the last Lockheed relief bill. The structural problems with the wings, along with other performance deficiencies—most notably the plane's present inability to operate on unimproved fields, which was touted as its unique capability—should not be dismissed lightly. The Air Force recently appointed an outside panel of aerodynamic and design experts to advise the Air Force on the plane's technical problems.

A little noticed recent speech may open another

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avenue for the salvation of Lockheed. Rep. Melvin Price (D., Ill.), chairman of the Military Airlift subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee, speaking before the Aerospace Club in Washington, indicated that there was need for two more squadrons of C-5As. This is the oldest procurement trick around, and the purchase should be just enough to get Lockheed well. Mr. Price was probably impressed by Lockheed's ads in all the major national magazines over the last eight months.

If Secretary Packard, for a change, would not leap to the defense of his fellow club members, Mr. Haughton and a few of his cohorts might be looking for jobs. Considering their performance, a little unemployment would not be undeserved. However, despite Deputy Secretary Packard's warnings, it is unlikely that the nation's security would be endangered or that widespread economic dislocations would ensue. Another more efficient company or more capable management team could almost certainly be found to manage the Lockheed programs in the same plants and with the same personnel. In such a case, the nation could salvage at least some of what Lockheed promised to produce, without continually having to face the extortion of additional millions of dollars. □

Percy Green vs. McDonnell Aircraft

LARRY BARRETT
Mr. Barrett is a free-lance writer in Washington, D.C.

I admire Percy Green of St. Louis, Mo., because he has done two things most men haven't the guts for; he climbed up the St. Louis Memorial Arch—on the *outside*—and he challenged McDonnell Aircraft to a duel. Lest anyone infer that Percy is a corporation management wizard with a flair for spectacular promotion, I hasten to explain that both exploits are set in the pattern of civil rights activism which has dominated his adult life. Although he affects the dress of a Black Panther, Percy would probably resent the term "militant"; his own organization—ACTION—has devoted much of its efforts to boycotting White Christmases and identifying the names of products of local, unequal employers. His climb up the outside of the St. Louis Arch (when it was only partially completed) was in protest against the hiring practices of the construction company. The suit he initiated against McDonnell Aircraft (now the McDonnell Douglas Corporation) was also on behalf of civil rights—this time his own.

McDonnell is one of the fattest ducks on the military-industrial pond. It has also had a substantial piece of the space dollar. It is Missouri's largest employer, with more than 30,000 workers annually for the past several years. But, although its F-4 Phantom has been a famous success—the United States, Israel, Western Germany and the United Kingdom being regular customers—recent budgetary cuts in the military and space programs under the Nixon Administration had threatened the jobs of as many as 10,000 employees. Then, last Christmas Eve, there arrived a wonderful Pentagon present—which, however, had attached to it a string that brought the case of Percy Green painfully to the attention of McDonnell's corporate masters.

As in most trials between an individual and a giant corporation, years have elapsed since the original incident triggered the action. Fired from McDonnell in August of 1964, Green finds his case still unresolved before the Missouri Commission on Human Rights and the U.S. District Court in St. Louis. With the appeals process which doubtless would be activated following any decision in his favor, it could still be years before Percy wins the back wages he has claimed, and the reinstatement to his old job. Indeed, in recent testimony, McDonnell's vice president in charge of personnel indicated it would take an order of the Supreme Court to make him rehire Percy.

Green had been with the company for seven years when "a reduction in force" laid him off. Even though he suspected discrimination at the time, he did not move against McDonnell until a year later when, in a period of accelerated hiring, the company refused to re-employ him. Then, on September 14, 1965, Percy Green filed a complaint with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (then headed in Washington by Franklin Roosevelt, Jr.), charging McDonnell with discrimination "because of my race and because of my persistent involvement in the civil rights movement. . . ." Happily timed legislation—the Civil Rights Act of 1964—had specifically protected the employment opportunities of civil rights activists. After thirty months of investigation, recrimination (the company said it feared adverse publicity from an employee's civil rights antics; Percy said he never revealed the name of his employer)—and a failure of conciliation, the EEOC invited the complainant in Case No. 5-7-18 to "institute a civil action in the appropriate Federal District Court." Accordingly, an action was brought by St. Louis attorney Louis Gilden, seeking to enjoin McDonnell "from engaging in this unlawful employment practice," asking reinstatement of Percy Green in the job for which he had applied, and requesting payment of back wages and legal costs. The hearing, at last, in mid-January 1970, took several days of testimony and then recessed for two and a half months

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for a filing of briefs by the contending attorneys.

More than a glimmer of hope for the success of the suit of Percy Green is contained in a curiously parallel development involving the same cast of characters plus the Department of Defense and a new "air superiority fighter"—the F-15. That is the Christmas present—a $7.7 billion Pentagon plum awarded to McDonnell Douglas Corporation on December 24, 1969. The attendant string was testimony given a scant month later in a hearing by Defense Contract Compliance officials. The complaints of a thirteen-year employee of McDonnell named Mango Ali—and of Percy Green—were threatening to unglue the F-15 contract.

As everyone knows, contractors to the federal government are under a heavy, legal obligation to observe high standards of racial equality in employment opportunity. There is an Office of Federal Contract Compliance which must, among other things, see that those high standards are maintained. And there is a Civil Rights Commission which likes to poke around and see if the contractors really do comply. On last January 15, in St. Louis, that commission received a shock.

The pattern of employment opportunity at McDonnell Douglas would appear to have some serious faults. Percy Green testified before the Civil Rights Commission as to a plant survey taken by his ACTION group; the statistics do not appear to have been challenged by the management. Out of 1,131 assistant foremen, thirty were from minority groups. Of 353 foremen, one was black. All the general foremen were white. Among 16,880 male white-collar jobs, 400 blacks were found; of 3,250 such jobs for females, only eighty were held by blacks. In more menial work, however, the trend was exactly opposite: 3 to 1 black, for example, in what Percy called "cafeteria-type work."

Mr. Ali supported ACTION's observations on departmental transfers, upgrading and promotion. There was agreement that transfers—usually accompanied by an improvement in rank—were not encouraged among black workers: they did not find it easy to discover the criteria and procedures. And, in the promotion to assistant foreman, according to Mr. Ali, a kind of white "buddy" system was likely to prevail over the merit system.

A general statistic supplied some time ago by Rep. William L. Clay (D., Mo.), a frequent critic of McDonnell's employment practices, sticks in the mind: in a period of high employment, it had only 3,100 blacks in a total work force of 41,000.

Early in the January 15 hearing, Percy Green had pleaded with the Civil Rights Commission for a reversal of the F-15 contract award:

> I would suggest and recommend that if you people could do nothing else than to get that contract turned around that that in itself would indicate that the government is showing good faith for the best interests of St. Louis and could very well gain some faith in these investigations.

But, damaging as his testimony and that of Mr. Ali may have been, the major threat to the F-15 contract came with the appearance of Claude Crowl, chief of the Department of Defense Contract Compliance Office for the St. Louis region. As summarized in a startling letter to McDonnell which went out from the Civil Rights Commission on January 29, Crowl testified:

> (*1*) That the December 12, 1969, affirmative action plan (on equal opportunity) submitted by your company did not contain the "specific goals and timetables" requested by the Department of Defense following its April, 1969 compliance review; (2) that the Department did not review this affirmative action plan prior to the award to McDonnell Douglas of the F-15 contract in December, 1969; and (*3*) that, contrary to the rules and regulations . . . equal employment opportunity clearance of McDonnell Douglas by the Department's regional Office of Contract Compliance *was not obtained prior to award of the F-15 contract.* (Italics added.)

The letter scorned earlier testimony of witnesses representing McDonnell—a company, it said, with "patterns of minority underutilization"—who responded to a question about company sponsorship of low- and moderate-income housing in the plant neighborhood with: "We have our hands pretty full trying to run our plant and build airplanes." It chided another response which tried to earn McDonnell Brownie points for having helped integrate facilities in which company-sponsored events took place. That, the commission letter reminded McDonnell, was "a basic legal obligation of all Federal contractors."

But the major quarrel of the Civil Rights Commission was with the Department of Defense for failing to observe its own operating procedures. A second letter was sent to Secretary of Defense Laird over the signatures of every member of the commission from Father Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, to Maurice B. Mitchell, whose remark at the conclusion of the January 15 hearing turned out to be a premonition of things to come:

> The testimony I have heard just now is shocking to me. I can't believe the commission can listen to this testimony without proceeding to get involved in some way in the particular contract.

To Percy Green those words must have been welcome indeed. No weapon in his own civil rights arsenal could as effectively dramatize—to St. Louis and the nation—the urgency of his cause as this threatened loss to McDonnell of its F-15 Christmas package.

Rev. Paul Smith, from the St. Louis Contract Compliance Office, felt compelled at one point in the commission hearings to observe:

> The thing that disturbs me as a contractor relations specialist is that people say, you know, Percy Green is . . . he's off his rocker. Well, he ain't off his rocker. He really isn't.

Maybe not, but he chuckles a lot. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Ticking of the Time Bomb

FRED J. COOK
Mr. Cook is the author of many special articles for The Nation. *His most recent books are* The Plot Against the Patient *and* What So Proudly We Hailed *(both Prentice-Hall).*

ON VIOLENCE. *By Hannah Arendt. Harcourt, Brace & World. 106 pp. $4.75. Paper $1.65.*

REBELS IN EDEN: Mass Political Violence in the United States. *By Richard E. Rubenstein. Little, Brown & Co. 201 pp. $5.95.*

THE POLITICS OF PROTEST. *By Jerome H. Skolnick. Ballantine Books. 419 pp. $1.25 paper.*

THE FEAR OF CRIME. *By Richard Harris. Frederick A. Praeger. 116 pp. $4.75. Paper $1.75.*

SHOOT-OUT IN CLEVELAND: Black Militants and the Police. *By Louis H. Masotti and Jerome R. Corsi. Frederick A. Praeger. 126 pp. $5.95.*

In the growing literature on violence a special niche of honor should be reserved for Hannah Arendt's *On Violence*. Incisive, deeply probing, written with clarity and grace, it provides an ideal framework for understanding the turbulence of our times.

Hannah Arendt sees the revolt of the young as the inevitable result of our unquestioning obeisance before the god of "progress"—a scientific and technological progress that has led to the doomsday machine and the possibility, if indeed not the probability, of world destruction. This, she emphasizes, is the first generation of mankind that could not be certain there would be a tomorrow.

> If you ask a member of this generation two simple questions: "How do you want the world to be fifty years from now?" and "What do you want your life to be five years from now?" the answers are quite often preceded by "Provided there is still a world," and "Provided I am still alive." . . . To the oft-repeated question, Who are they, this new generation? one is tempted to answer, Those who hear the ticking [of the time bomb]. And to the other question, Who are they who utterly deny them? the answer may well be, Those who do not know, or refuse to face, things as they really are.

In this I am convinced that Hannah Arendt is perceptive and right. As one who stoked some of the first fires of student protest with "Juggernaut: The Warfare State" in *The Nation*, it has always seemed to me that the psychological turning point of our time came a year later in the Cuban missile crisis of October 1962. From my own children who were in school at the time, from scattered interviews with protesters who trace their commitment back to that awesome confrontation, I am convinced that this "eyeball to eyeball" brinksmanship, more than any other single factor, produced a generational trauma. It brought the realization that "the future" might be an archaic conception.

In addition to the psychological trauma implicit in the conception of a finite world, there are the frustrations of modern power. Hannah Arendt defines power as the dominion of man over man—and, in a democracy, "the dominion of the best or the many." But today this dominion is exercised by a

> bureaucracy or the rule of an intricate system of bureaus in which no man, neither one nor the best, neither the few nor the many, can be held responsible, and which properly could be called rule by Nobody. (If . . . we identify tyranny as government that is not held to give an account of itself, rule by Nobody is clearly the most tyrannical of all, since there is no one left who could even be asked to answer for what is being done. It is this state of affairs, making it impossible to localize responsibility and to identify the enemy, that is among the most potent causes of the current worldwide rebellious unrest, its chaotic nature, and its dangerous tendency to get out of control and to run amuck.)

Such challenges to the power structure lead to the automatic reflex of threatened power—to violence by the established order, whether it is a "police riot" at the Democratic convention in Chicago or the indiscriminate gassing of the People's Park demonstrators in Berkeley. Hannah Arendt concludes that the present system's "monopolization of power" has led to "the drying up or oozing away of all authentic power sources in the country"—and so has resulted in an "impotence of power." We cannot know where these developments will take us, she writes, but "we know, or should know, that every decrease in power is an open invitation to violence—if only because those who hold power and feel it slipping from their hands, be they the government or be they the governed, have always found it difficult to resist the temptation to substitute violence for it."

Against this philosophic background, there are a number of other volumes illuminating the violence of our times that are worthy of mention. Several are the result of studies made originally for Dr. Milton Eisenhower's National Advisory Committee on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. In *Rebels in Eden*, Richard E. Rubenstein, a former consultant to the committee and assistant director of the Adlai Stevenson Institute in Chicago, sees the assassination of President John F. Kennedy in Dallas in November 1963 as marking "a major turning point in American history." From this tragic event, he writes, "the pace of change accelerated drastically . . . like a motion picture with the projector out of control."

Rubenstein's book, like many other studies, debunks one of America's favorite myths—the myth of peaceful progress which "is intended at bottom to legitimize authority and permit conscience-free suppression of protest." America, however, has never been a peaceful society but a violent one. Much of this violence, in Rubenstein's view, results from a spirit of independence—from the desire of special groups or interests (be they farmers of the Midwest during the depression, the miners of the late 19th century or the automobile workers of the 1930s) to protect their own turf and their own interests against domination by outside forces. And, in every case, Rubenstein stresses, the use of police power for purposes of repression served only to escalate the violence.

In another study stemming from the Eisenhower committee's work, Jerome H. Skolnick in *The Politics of Protest* emphasizes that the choice lies between recognition of the deep-felt needs of a new era to provide necessary reform on the one hand—and a Fascist-like repression on the other. In a foreword to his book, William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, the authors of *Black Rage*, write: "The strivings of the Blacks are on the

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side of democracy. Those who oppose these strivings, whether by appeals to law and order, states' rights or outright hatred, flirt with danger and with fascism." Skolnick himself puts it this way: "If American society concentrates on the development of sophisticated control techniques, it will move itself into a destructive and self-defeating position of meeting a political problem with armed force, which will eventually threaten domestic freedom." This nation, he adds, either "will carry through a firm commitment to massive and widespread political and social reform, or it will become a society of garrison cities where order is enforced with less and less concern for the due process of the law and the consent of the governed."

It is undeniable, with American politics in a state of demagogic degeneration, that this road of repression is the road we are following. In a gem of a book, Richard Harris in *The Fear of Crime*, tells us how our feet were set upon this path. His poignant vignette deals with the passage of the Omnibus Crime Bill of 1968, responsible for, among other things, the judicial charade of the Chicago 7 trial.

"Probably the most distinctive characteristic of the successful politician is selective cowardice," Harris writes in a pungent opening sentence, and he proceeds to detail step by step the paranoic cravenness of Congress and the White House. With the Strom Thurmonds of the South clamoring for freer use of night stick and cattle prod, with conservative white America in a frenzy of apprehension over rising crime, any bill labeled a crime bill, however bad, was guaranteed passage with only token opposition. In the White House, President Lyndon B. Johnson wanted a crime bill —he didn't much care what kind of crime bill—and so, leaderless and mindless, Congress plunged en masse into the chasm of unreason, enacting a bill of which one of its few opponents said, no doubt perceptively: "It will certainly damage this country severely, and it could conceivably destroy democracy as we know it. At the very least, it constitutes a great leap toward a police state."

How far we have leaped, the dangers implicit in the sanctifying of police power, is demonstrated in another of the Eisenhower committee studies, *Shoot-Out in Cleveland*, by Louis H. Masotti and Jerome R. Corsi. The book deals with the Cleveland outburst of July 23, 1968. Probably nine out of ten Americans who read the newspaper accounts still believe that a group of black militants set a trap for white policemen, lured them into ambush and shot them down. What few realize even today is that it didn't happen that way at all; that the riot was almost certainly precipitated by persistent white police harassment of Negro leaders; that the first shots were probably fired by trigger-happy white policemen themselves, and that the first victim unquestionably was a Negro; that police were not lured into a trap by a neighborhood call to tow away an abandoned car, but had spotted the car themselves hours before the shoot-out and had routinely ordered a tow truck to come and get it. [See "Bad Day in Cleveland," by Roldo Bartimole, *The Nation*, July 14, 1969.]

Nor was there ever much publicity about the evidence of a "police riot" in Cleveland that matched in all its brutality the "police riot" in Chicago. White policemen chased black policemen out of the riot area. When Negro Mayor Carl T. Stokes sent neighborhood leaders in to try to cool the situation, they too were chased out—or arrested. When television cameramen from national networks tried to record the events, they were set upon by police, brutally beaten, their cameras smashed; for again, as in Chicago, as everywhere, the first prerequisite of an incipient Fascist state calls for the bludgeoning or intimidation of the news media so that the truth may never be known.

This is the story that *Shoot-Out in Cleveland* tells. The essence of its importance for our times is capsuled in an anecdote related in a special introduction by Thomas A. Johnson, of *The New York Times*. Johnson writes:

> A man who said he was an off-duty Negro policeman stood at a bar in Hough days after the shoot-out and admonished Negro patrons for not arming themselves. He said: "If you could see Whitey like I see him—all he wants to do is come in here and kick doors down and shoot up some niggers."

It is an almost perfect description of what happened not only in Cleveland but in shoot-outs elsewhere; in Chicago, for instance, one night this winter when police got their kicks by shooting Black Panther leaders who were probably sleeping in bed.

This kind of white-hot racial hate, backed by the paranoia and repressive attitudes of a propagandized white majority, makes one shudder for the future of this nation: a nation bereft of its most inspiring and nonviolent leadership through a series of assassinations. □

Gold-Glowing Mote

DELIVERANCE. *By James Dickey. Houghton Mifflin Co. 278 pp. $5.95.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches in the English Department at the University of California, Los Angeles.

Most novelists are wrong to attempt poetry, most poets wrong to attempt the novel. The sensibilities required for each are differently weighted—in poetry, toward linguistic magic and the depths and running rapids of feeling; in fiction, toward the sweep and the thunder of destiny, the enchanting energies of action. And yet there is Hardy, in whom the transformation is complete; and if preeminent in only one art, D. H. Lawrence and Emily Brontë each touched a star or two in the other. Of more recent writers with a footing on each side—Graves, Updike, Warren, Spark, Amis, and still others—none has unmistakably shown a lasting hold on either. None, that is, until James Dickey. Dickey has written some of the most poetically flying and far-piercing poems of the last decade; he gives us now, with *Deliverance*, a novel of stunning power.

Not since William Golding's *Pincher Martin* has there appeared, to my knowledge, so taking a narrative, with so primitive an appeal to the instinct of survival. As a story of the struggle of four Southern suburban men, not only against the beautiful innocent enmity of the clean and powerful river down which, unpracticed as they are, they joyfully and fearfully canoe, but also against the outrageous lust and corrupt, cold, murderous, incomprehensible enmity of the two rednecks who attack them, it is a fine and honest book, which hits the reader's mind with the sting of a baseball just caught in the hand. From the arrival of the four weekend adventurers at their place of entering the river, which comes 55 pages into the novel, to the reprieve and re-emergence onto land of three of them, 50 miles and three deaths later, 50 pages before the end, the narrative has the force and the clean, essential beauty of the river it so vibrantly describes.

No doubt narrative is but the muscle of the art of the novel. It is astonishing to find narrative so skillfully athletic in what one opens up, after all, as a poet's novel. Without resorting to the suspense-manipulation of the "thriller," Dickey's novel achieves a fearful and magical power.

It is on this dramatic and physical

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level, as a tour de force of elemental storytelling, that the whole might of *Deliverance* proceeds. If the book has another level, it is so deeply implicated in the first, so much an inference from it, that it bears no strong separate ripple of its own. *Deliverance* makes explicit the appeal innate in any "gut-survival situation": that of a terrible intimacy with reality. Deadened by habit, the middle-aged narrator, Ed Gentry—an ad man—and his three middle-class companions, are jolted into life at a pitch where joy and fear, pain and pleasure, are electrifyingly confused. "I felt wonderful, and fear was at the center of the feeling." Boredom, the shadowy flow of life, mere faint intimations, whether in one's wife, the "gold-glowing mote" of a girl's eye, or art, of a consequential world outside oneself—it is from these that the narrator is delivered, even as he delivers, from death, himself and two of his companions.

"Be it life or death," said Thoreau, "we crave only reality"; and, again, "we are as much as we see." In *Deliverance*, the narrator is only so much as he fights against for his life; it is only this that he *beholds*, as when, in terror, he climbs with sexual intimacy and love a sheer rock face, from which at any moment he may fall, and gazes down, inwardly crying "Lord, Lord," on the "inescapable glory" of the river below, a pit "blank and mindless" with moon-blazing beauty. In this book, the gift of danger is thus the sudden empowerment of the soul, whose "seat," as Novalis suggested, "is where the inner world and the outer world meet."

And yet, in a distinction made by the philosopher Karl Jaspers, *Deliverance* is a novel of consciousness, not of spirit. Consequently it is much more a tale to tie one into knots than what Peter Taylor, in the publisher's blurb, too generously calls it, a profound work of art. Consciousness, writes Jaspers, is the empirical awareness of the "particularities of matter, living body, and soul"; it is thus acutely focused, not encompassing. And it is just this spotlight of awareness, moving through the night terror and river, that, on the one hand, beautifully vivifies and, on the other, sharply limits Dickey's novel.

Though the narrator's struggle sparks his soul, neither narrator nor novel is fired by the spirit, which, as Jaspers says, "pushes toward the whole," and "would preserve, enhance, and relate everything to everything else," and "give to everything its place." *Deliverance* flows along with, again, the "primal energy" of its wild, impelling river, but it fails to come to rest in itself; it simply peters out into silence. The book is an encompassed, and not an encompassing, reality. It has great force and presence; it is a splendid performance of determinate, clear, objective consciousness, of awareness directed to particular things. But it is not embraced by the all-embracing subjectivity of spirit, the power that consciousness "must let itself be dominated by," as Jaspers says, "if it would attain meaning and totality."

It is just in being limited to consciousness that *Deliverance* lags behind Dickey's poetry. Hardy's novels and poems are identical in their depth and encompassing, the novels springing out into action what the poems contain in pent-up concentration. But Dickey's novel, for all its muscle, is more limited than any one of some thirty or forty of his poems; indeed it is muscle-bound. And while it bangs us sharply up against a particular reality, and is indelibly remarkable because of it, the poems do that and more, leading us barefoot, in Wallace Stevens' phrase, into a reality that is infinitely enfolding, the empirical not abandoned but opened up, seductive with totality. While *Deliverance* merely opens the flesh of the mind to the fiercely specific arrowhead of an adventure that ends without resonance or healing, Dickey's poems open the ego to the restoring draughts of the universal that pour from spiritually apprehended particulars. [See Richard Howard's review of *The Eye-Beaters*, *The Nation*, March 23.]

Neither is *Deliverance*—what Peter Taylor also calls it—"a masterful piece of work." Though it suddenly gains a masterful grip indeed, and keeps it through many tense, tenacious pages, it begins and ends in chapters of limp description and banal dialogue, lacking in subtlety, vital precision, and the powerful undertow of purpose. Having chosen a narrator more limited than himself, Dickey bogs down in him—in a somewhat bumbling sensibility, and in an idiom uncertainly colloquial.

Only swift action frees both the novel and the narrator from the drag of his commonplace, unironically presented point of view. For this reason, *Deliverance*, as cut in the February *Atlantic*, shows to better effect than here in its entirety, where the lean, marvelous middle is cumbered, like the pleasant narrator himself, by a spare tire of fat.

Moreover, plastered here and there on *Deliverance* are little arrows that, though intended to point to profundity, really point nowhere, since they pierce nothing given flesh in the book itself. Typical of these is the epigraph from Obadiah, which rumbles and warns that the high of heart will be brought low. This may refer to the narrator's tough friend Lewis, the wolf-faced athletic instigator of the journey—a man who, by means of heroic discipline of mind and body, tries "to rise above time." But though Lewis is said to have learned, by the end, that "dying is better than immortality," nothing we actually see rounds this out into credibility. And as for the narrator himself, his experience is rather of a kind to puff him up than bring him down: after all, it is he who saves the day. Stalking his redneck enemy, the narrator indulges in fantasies of having created him.

Where *Deliverance* attempts conscious depth, a moral, a biting conception, it promises more than it delivers, and tastes of papier-mâché. And yet there stirs within this paper cage and breaks out with marvelous fierceness a mountain lion of a tale—direct, brutal and staggering. Physical struggle, the mind's passionate grapple with a material world—it is these that bring the book to life; it is on these that Dickey's strong talent does deliver. His imagination, at least here, is all masculine vigor and excitement.

As a result, what *Deliverance* really celebrates, the epigraph from Obadiah notwithstanding, is not humility but human triumph over Death—man's self-deliverance, through courage and cunning, from the most violent, indifferent, lustful, relentless, and incomprehensible redneck of them all. □

The Vets

BETWEEN THE BULLET AND THE LIE: American Volunteers in the Spanish Civil War. *By Cecil Eby. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 342 pp. $7.95.*

CRUSADE OF THE LEFT: The Lincoln Battalion in the Spanish Civil War. *By Robert A. Rosenstone. Pegasus. 415 pp. $8.95.*

VICTOR HOAR
Mr. Hoar teaches American and Canadian Studies at Michigan State University. He is the author of The Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion: Canadian Participation in the Spanish Civil War.

They call themselves "the vets." A few served in World War I, about 800 in World War II. They are veterans of the American volunteer force in the Spanish Civil War. This force is usually called the Abraham Lincoln Brigade although, in fact, there was no such unit. Publicists for the volunteers, while the war was still in progress, consolidated the several American detachments in Spain under the one designation: these included the Abraham Lincoln Battalion, the short-lived, because decimated,

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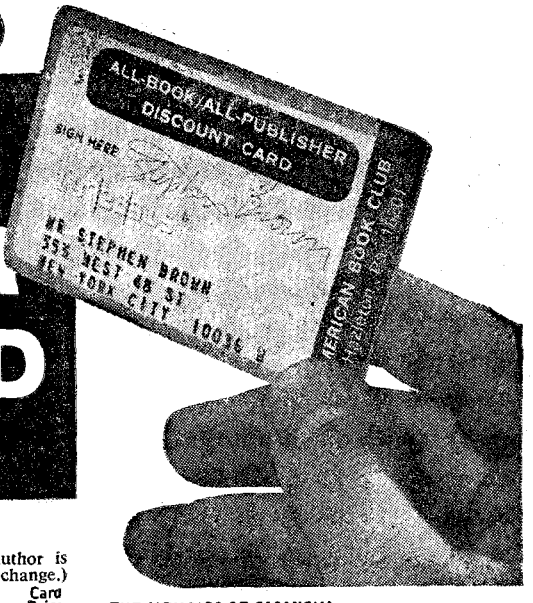

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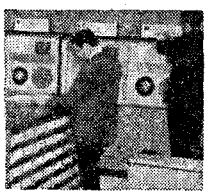

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George Washington Battalion, the John Brown Artillery Battery, the various medical, transport and supply details, plus the several hundred soldiers who fought with the British, Canadian, German, French and Yugoslav battalions. The American, British and Canadian infantry units came together in the XVth "English-Speaking" International Brigade. Of the 3,300 American volunteers in Spain, nearly half were killed, nearly every survivor bore at least one wound.

The Americans took part in most of the major campaigns of 1937 and 1938: Jarama, Brunete, Quinto, Belchite, Fuentes de Ebro, Teruel, the Aragon retreats, the Ebro River. The battlegrounds of the Spanish Civil War do not appear in lexicons of American military history. Spain and the Lincolns are rather part of the folklore of America, a small, romantic part. The folklore has persisted over the years because, except for a handful of veterans who published memoirs and except for one recent "official" history, Arthur Landis' *The Abraham Lincoln Brigade*, no one has sought to investigate and to re-create the experience. The men themselves have not encouraged such inquiries since they feared retaliation from governments and employers. Many also assumed that outsiders would leap to unwarranted conclusions about the voyage to Spain and simply misunderstand or misconstrue their motives for volunteering and their conduct abroad.

Suddenly, here are two accounts of that expedition, both composed by young academics, both the consequence of careful research, interviews with veterans and tours of the battlefields. The titles of these two histories tell a great deal about their respective points of view. *Between the Bullet and the Lie* reflects Cecil Eby's conviction that there exist great discrepancies between the heralded accomplishments and the actual achievements of the American volunteers. Robert A. Rosenstone, on the other hand, attracted to the "idealism and courage" of the men and to the aspirations of the radical-liberal coalition in America during the 1930s, views the Lincolns as a *Crusade of the Left*.

Their difference of opinion regarding the contribution and influence of the Soviet Comintern and the Communist Party of the United States is of paramount importance; and that difference bears on other aspects of their books: their technique, scope and data. Eby's ambition was to "recreate . . . the collective experience of what it meant to be an American volunteer in the Spanish Civil War." He has made use, as he puts it, of a descriptive rather than an analytical method. His narrative moves briskly, in a pungent, dramatic style. He provides vivid portraits of International Brigade personalities, both European and American; realistic combat episodes, and bivouac interludes of absorbing detail.

MIDSUMMER

Scarred by the glacier,
Like a tired elephant
An old grey boulder lies asleep
In the woods, in the hollow top
A pool of dark insidious water.

H. R. Hays

The scope of Eby's study is restricted, for the most part, to the Spanish terrain; he says little about the domestic American social and political context from which the Lincolns emerged. Nor has he examined sufficiently, it seems to me, the origins and issues of the Spanish conflict itself. For certain, the Lincolns did not exist *in vacuo*; they carried into Spain a host of convictions and sentiments about national and international affairs which are as much a part of their experience as the trenches at Jarama.

In this respect, Mr. Rosenstone is far more comprehensive. He sees the volunteers as "native radicals" with a shared conscientious commitment to the politics of the thirties. With the help of a large mass of supporting statistics, Mr. Rosenstone describes their antecedents, their occupations, ethnic heritage and political development. With great care, he assesses the "lessons of war" and the "mind of the volunteer." Thus his history takes on a political and sociological dimension. Understandably, though unfortunately, his treatment of the military campaigns is somewhat cursory.

The most striking feature of each study is its description and interpretation of the roles played by the CPUSA and the Soviet Comintern in the organization and deployment of the International Brigades and specifically, the American force. Eby's account of the fledgling Lincolns at the Jarama front in February 1937 describes "an initial flood of romantic idealism ebbing away to mud flats of barren disenchantment." That image sums up his proposition that the effort of the volunteers was thwarted, if not betrayed, by incompetent, often neurotic leaders who gave their first loyalty to the Communist Party.

The party sent the volunteers abroad where, through its representatives and commissars, it managed to subordinate military matters to political priorities. One can only wonder whether Eby brought to his study his hostile feelings about the Communists or whether his research prompted such indignation. While his acid comments about such famous personalities as Robert Merriman, brigade chief of staff, or Dave Doran, brigade commissar, have a partial basis in his political biographies of these men, Eby is more than generous in his account of commissar Steve Nelson who was, before, during and after Spain, a major figure in the CPUSA. Nelson is acclaimed because he naturally and spontaneously regarded his men with a humane, unpolitical affection. That he was brave as a lion as well is not lost on the author. But elsewhere and persistently, Eby mauls the party contribution with considerable relish.

For example, he contends that Oliver Law, a Negro volunteer disdained by Lincoln rank and file, was nevertheless appointed commander of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion by CPUSA decree, "a puppet manipulated on strings fingered by powers elsewhere." The author raises the possibility that Law may have been executed by his own irate men during the Brunete campaign because his mistakes killed volunteers. On the other hand, commissar Joe Dallet may have been assassinated in battle because he was "back-sliding" from the party. Eby goes to some length to describe attempted mutiny, desertions, odious and deadly brigade jails: in short, a pervasive atmosphere of terror and intimidation which would appear to belie the romantic, legendary aura which has surrounded the International Brigades and the Lincolns all these years.

If the Communist influence in Spain devastated the ideals and aspirations of the volunteers, that influence on the "home front," according to Eby, was every bit as nefarious. His thesis is that the CPUSA took credit "for a wildly popular cause without taking responsibility for a venture illegal and, in the end, disastrous." Caustic in his judgment that Americans had only a vague notion of what Communist involvement in the Popular Front really meant, Eby indicts the party for its cavalier treatment of other Popular Front members, and particularly for its ability to take advantage of the Spanish tragedy, win, lose or draw. The author believes that the Spanish Civil War was exploited by the Communists in such a ruthless manner that not even their vaunted success in organizing and sustaining an international force, or for that matter in coming to the aid of the Republic in the first place, is adequate and reasonable compensation.

Eby has gone to an abundant number of published sources. Unfortunately, some of his strongest charges, especially those bearing on Lincoln commanders, are insufficiently documented. He has chosen not to identify any of his direct informants anywhere in the book although he does acknowledge that "my greatest

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fund of information came from interviews with the veterans." From these interviews, one gathers, he drew some of his most damaging allegations. His own sources remain as vague and uncontested as, in his view, the romantic reputation of the Lincoln Battalion.

Robert Rosenstone is far more patient and nowhere hostile in his scrutiny of the CPUSA and the Spanish conflict. Acknowledging the often eccentric, undemocratic procedures of the party, granting its exaggerated claims both at home and in Spain, Mr. Rosenstone finds that among the Americans who joined the party in the 1930s, including many who were to go to Spain, there was a common and powerful perception of the "terrible realities" of the age: "the things Communists concerned themselves with and protested against, the unemployed workers, the starving children, the Hoovervilles and the threats of militant fascism in Europe."

As Rosenstone sees it, "the short-term reformist goals of the party" were far more important reasons for joining the CPUSA than was proletarian revolution or conspiratorial design. In describing the roots and character of the radical movement in its association with the Spanish Civil War, he seeks to disqualify the demonic image assigned international communism and to represent the Lincoln experience as one involving "native radicals" in a native grain. Given the threat of a Fascist rebellion and the dire implications for the rest of the world, the American volunteers were quite willing to go to Spain along a road "controlled" by the Communists. For the Communists, as even George Orwell appreciated, did get on with the war.

Unimpressed by claims of mass desertion and political executions (one entire appendix is given over to exploring and exploding these allegations), Rosenstone goes so far as to cite "the increased radicalization of the Americans in Spain" which he understands was the result of the experience of the war and not necessarily of party propaganda.

Eby and Rosenstone do agree on one phase of the Lincoln story, and that is that the postwar years have been, as Rosenstone says, "an unhappy denouement." The Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade was formed in 1939, named a party front by the U.S. Government in 1955, and taken off that particular list in 1965. Its history has been bizarre, to say the least, commencing with tortured accommodations of the Soviet Union's pact with Berlin and invasion of Finland, followed by arraignment before the Subversive Activities Control Board and a later decline into a rather innocuous mail drop for old comrades. Little of the spirit, not to mention romance, of the Spanish days has carried over into the VALB.

Characteristically, Eby sees this history as appropriate to an organization which had no democratic basis for many years and which managed to cultivate a hypocritical bond of sympathy with Americans who cherished the Lincoln legend. Rosenstone, just as characteristically, understands that the VALB never had the "personality" of the original unit and that, as the veterans grew older and the cold war gained momentum, the complexities of life and politics proved baffling if not overwhelming to these men who "acted under no compulsion other than their own convictions, [who] volunteered for a cause that was good and right and just." □

The Third World War

HISTORY OF THE COLD WAR. *By André Fontaine.* Vol. 1: From the October Revolution to the Korean War, 1917-1950. *432 pp.* Vol. II: From the Korean War to the Present. *523 pp. Pantheon Books. $10 each.*

D. F. FLEMING

Mr. Fleming is the author of a two-volume history of The Cold War and Its Origins, 1917-1960; Origins and Legacies of World War I *(both Doubleday); and* America's Role in Asia *(Funk & Wagnalls).*

These two distinguished volumes are the work of a very able writer, the foreign editor of *Le Monde*, who has been observing developments in the cold war from a European standpoint since 1947. It is a fine study, penetrating, absorbing, and rich in detail.

Rejecting a first intention to begin the story with Churchill's iron curtain address at Fulton, Mo., in March 1946, Fontaine makes the Russian Revolution of 1917 his basic starting point. In Part I, as throughout the book, he is objective in dealing with Stalin, balancing Stalin's great abilities and achievements with his cruelties and purges, criticizing Stalin, for instance, for backing Chiang Kai-shek down to Chiang's massacre of the Chinese Communists in 1927.

About the appeasement period that led to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia in 1938, the author is in no doubt that for the appeasers, both in Britain and France, "It was their anti-Soviet prejudices much more than fear of war that explains the whole policy that led to Munich," the conference at which "The Western democracies gave the impression of totally abandoning eastern Europe." After Munich, even Roosevelt, "his hands tied by isolationist feeling," could take only indirect steps to oppose the aggressors. The Stalin-Hitler Pact of August 1939 followed as a consequence. Stalin went to extreme lengths to fulfill its terms and to give Hitler no slightest excuse to attack Russia, which Hitler did in 1941.

The Soviet Union, aided by our lend-lease supplies, surprised the military staffs of the West by surviving and eventually defeating Hitler's armies on the plains of Russia during three years of exhausting struggle. It was no wonder that the American people "fell madly in love with the Russian ally during the

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war," or that Roosevelt and Hull rejected all of Churchill's efforts to get into East Europe before the Russians could, and worked instead toward cooperation with the Russians in the postwar period.

Then suddenly, on April 12, 1945, "a haberdasher from Missouri," who "was more than just morally unprepared," became President of the United States. Within forty-eight hours he began "his first attempts to thaw out the Polish situation." A week later Molotov complained to Truman that "I have never been talked to like that in my life." Shortly afterward the new President "took a firm stand" in Austria and blocked Yugoslavia from Trieste.

Little more could be accomplished by firmness. At Munich in 1938 the British and French leaders had indeed opened Hitler's way into Russia, but they had never dreamed that he would be defeated there and that when it was all over Russian armies would be in Berlin and Vienna.

The relative finality of Soviet control in Eastern Europe was not accepted in the United States until the failure of the Hungarian revolution in 1956. Official American statements and Radio Free Europe broadcasts had stirred the revolt to go beyond the attainable. It was crushed and nothing happened. After all the years of talk the West did not consider military intervention "for one moment." "The error was to have let the insurgents believe in the possibility of intervention."

As one who has also compiled a two-volume history of the cold war, I find it very satisfying to see a European-based historian come to the same conclusions about the decisive turning points of the long struggle which he calls "the third world war" and which so long promised to end in the final cataclysm.

A parallel reading of the two books can leave no doubt that the appeasers did open Hitler's way to the East. Fontaine is convinced that France by itself had the power to force Hitler to give up conscription in 1935 and to prevent him from militarizing the Rhineland in 1936; but France was restrained by Britain and later by its own Russophobes. The absence of the great power of the United States, shrinking in isolationism, naturally did not stiffen either Paris or London to defend the peace that had been so hardly won in 1918. Fontaine's study in depth contains no evidence to support the myth that the appeasers happened to be right because Stalin was all along considering a deal with Hitler to sell out the Western Allies.

Fontaine believes in the inevitability of the cold war more than I do, yet one must concede that the same mentalities that feared communism more than fascism would, after the war, refuse to see that Russia's great victory carried with it the control of her East European invasion routes. They would try to keep East Europe "democratic," and capitalist, just as if Munich and the war had never happened. And the sudden accession of Truman gave these forces expanding scope.

The author is sure that the victorious Soviet Union did constitute a challenge and I agree that the United States had to take over Britain's role as balancer on the continent; but I doubt that the thunderous proclamation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947 was needed in Moscow to contain the exhausted seat of communism. We agree that the doctrine of "containing" communism everywhere led the United States into the morass in Vietnam, from which Fontaine sees no satisfactory escape, and where there was "not the least evidence of Chinese intervention." He finds, too, that this policy had "influenced Peking to acquire nuclear weapons in record time."

We agree, too, that the cold war has now virtually ended, "at least in the hearts of the peoples." Since Fontaine wrote, even the Nixon Administration has moved openly to end it officially. We have no choice, because the cold war has finally brought us to the brink of moral and financial bankruptcy, to internal division and social disintegration —to the verge of national oblivion.

Surveying the United States, Fontaine finds that as a result of our world anti-communism crusade "anything, including the advent of some kind of fascism," is henceforth possible. As for the USSR, it "has succumbed to the industrial revolution, which demands the replacement of doctrinaires by technocrats" and it now awaits the overthrow of a deadening bureaucracy, "which has brought a world revolution to a path of the most selfish conservatism." Moreover, each of the cold war behemoths has failed to protect itself from the other's influence: the United States cannot prevent revolutionary social ideas from arising, both at home and abroad, and the USSR cannot avert "a reflowering of the old belief in the value of political and intellectual freedom" throughout the vast areas it controls.

The United States has spent more than a trillion dollars on the cold war while the alleged Red peril steadily disappeared. We have ignored the mushrooming perils of nuclear death, population explosion and destruction of our environment so long that George Wald spoke the bitter truth when he said in his famous extempore speech that beside these threats to man's survival on earth our cold war with Russia and China is "trivial." □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Except for its subject matter, William Wyler's *Liberation of L. B. Jones* is a formula picture of the sort that was legion in the days of the mammoth Hollywood studios. It is a plot-dictated work, in which the characters are servants of the story and are not motivated by any subtlety, development or even consistency of personality. Each actor occupies a defined position in the field of play and his job is to time his actions with those of his colleagues so as to bring the proceedings to their stipulated conclusion.

There are distinct advantages to this method of manufacturing a movie. It can generate a good deal of immediate excitement; it holds together and is free of narrative ambiguities (psychological ambiguities do not seem central to the business at hand, and therefore do not obtrude). You can, if you care, "prove" the solution of such a film as you would that of a complex mathematical equation. The weakness of the method is that it is mechanically efficient rather than organically rooted; the spectator, being himself an organism, registers it as data rather than absorbing it as experience.

Thus it is interesting to note that malignant race relations in a small Tennessee town are now thought a promising subject for an entertainment movie. All the main factors are represented: "the good Southerner" (Lee J. Cobb), whose humanity is limited by the conviction that traditional modes of exploitation are immutable; the substantial Negro (Roscoe Lee Browne), who has come to believe that the cry, "Run, nigger!" must be resisted; the young idealist from the North (Lee Majors), who assumes that his moral indignation will be heeded; the degenerate poor whites (Anthony Zerbe and Arch Johnson), in this case police, who beat, rape and murder Negroes with a diseased savagery; the black avenger (Yaphet Kotto), who fluctuates between sunny affection and dispassionate nemesis. For the most part they are capably portrayed (Cobb, perhaps vexed by the banality of the hypocrisy he is asked to embody, hams woefully). Nevertheless, they emerge as stereotypes, because their behavior has been programmed in advance and is not modified by any encounters or experiences stipulated by the plot. Browne's undertaker, who is seen to be the most intelligent man in town, with the possible exception of Cobb's lawyer, must nevertheless walk into an obvious trap. Several alternatives should be evident to a man of his wits, but they would not print out so tersely the message that a black man is prepared to die for a principle. Similarly, Majors is

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forced to exhibit a tiresomely callow indignation because his function is to communicate a concept of human relationships which his uncle, the lawyer, has not been coded to receive. This inevitably makes him seem stupid, though the plot calls for a bright law graduate—programming people is an infinitely complex and treacherous vocation.

The effect of this mechanistic, or plot-dominated, approach to fiction is depressing. It produces suspense and action; it is engrossing enough as it unrolls. But it operates from an inadequate view of human responses and its form is so closed, so statically balanced, that the completion of the narrative gives the bizarre effect of exhausting the subject. A spectator might well be shocked and angered by this picture, but it is no more likely to improve his knowledge of race relations—or of human relations—than an emperor's clock-work nightingale might extend his knowledge of ornithology.

In the audience when I saw *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, blacks applauded the gruesome death of a white man in the lacerating mechanism of a hay baler. Insofar as the film heightens the race hatred that now torments this country it is one of the less attractive devices for turning a buck.

Antonioni's discovery of neon America in *Zabriskie Point* is continued by Claude Lelouch in *Love Is a Funny Thing*. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Annie Girardot, a French film composer and a French film actress, are over here to make some dollars in what's left of Hollywood. They discover each other on the lot and, their chores completed, set off on an adulterous motel trip through the great vulgar heart of America. They are frolicsome as spring lambs, a mood they are able to maintain despite the fact that their nightly transports are invariably interrupted by overseas phone calls from one or the other anxious spouse.

For Belmondo, who has almost forsaken acting to promote holiday travel, this is more of the same. He has become accustomed to working with an itinerary instead of a script, and there is no actor living who handles a Hertz convertible with greater assurance. The strain of keeping his mind from wandering shows only in an exaggeration of facial gymnastics that increases from film to film.

Mlle. Girardot tries to make valid theatre out of the occasion. She is particularly good at conveying disillusionment, her face changing abruptly from the tart expectancy of Beatrice Lillie to the leaden opacity of Jeanne Moreau, and Lelouch takes advantage of this capacity by having Belmondo run out on her twice. That is a redundancy of heartache in a confected frolic, but Mlle. Girardot's real problem is that she is supposed to be swept off her feet by masculine allure, whereas the competent, sophisticated woman she is playing would dismiss Belmondo's brash assault upon her as a public nuisance. The New Feminists might well consider picketing *Love Is a Funny Thing*. It is not Belmondo's fault: an assertion of charm, with no wit to support it, inevitably shows through as insolence.

Lelouch's background documentation of the Disposable Society compares very well with that of Antonioni. He shows conventional appreciation of our desert landscape and is tolerantly amused by the sterile luxury of our public accommodations and the commercial packaging of our leisure. The lovers are forever refreshing themselves by some new observation of exuberant bad taste. It is all true, and said with good nature; but I would a little rather be patronized by a picture that isn't itself so completely commercial. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Ad Reinhardt once wrote about a group of paintings that he did in the Virgin Islands: "They contain no seashells and undersea caves, no blinding sand or wild winds or superstition, no terror of the deep, no West Indian magic, no zombies, no sea urchins." I told Reinhardt later that I liked the list of denials very much and he said: "Yes, but the funny thing was they were in the paintings." The statement was written in 1949, before his theory of reduction had done much to simplify the forms in the paintings. His Black Paintings 1951-67, now at the Marlborough Gallery, can be seen as the terminus of a chain of denials, but they also have "in" them more than might be supposed by his readers. For one thing, the blacks are tonal, so that a reluctant visual tremor animates the paintings. In addition, the drive toward an art of low visibility has a covert iconography, despite Reinhardt's program of "no symbols, images, or signs."

His basic image is a cross, very similar to an unexploited aspect of Malevich, a first-generation Abstract painter. Malevich's own later work is visually jazzy, but about 1913 he drew what he called "the second basic Suprematist element." It is a cross, the bars of which overlay one another and the background squares of which are slightly larger than the arms. In Reinhardt all the divisions of the picture are equal. However, in Malevich's "Suprematist composition of squares," reproduced close by the cross in his book *Die Gegenstandslose Welt*, the positive and negative squares are also equal. These drawings are probably the source of Reinhardt's format and his insistence that the image be the whole painting and not something within the painting.

After 1953 Reinhardt devoted himself to symmetrical one-color paintings, all red or all blue, as well as black. The fully developed black paintings date from the late 1950s, and are exemplified by the series of squares exhibited in 1960. In these works the slow take of the spectator must be constantly renewed, as the matte paint half dissolves its own solidity. The earlier black paintings, though reticent, reveal clearly differentiated brown or blue planes within them. In one respect the exhibition is misleading. Reinhardt reworked paintings that stayed in his possession, revising them in terms of his later ideas. If an early painting came to him for repair, it would end up being repainted in the new style, i.e., darker. Some but not all of these revisions are indicated in the catalogue; several paintings dated in the earlier fifties have the tonal closeness and the highly subtle nonreflective paint surface which indicates reworking. As it is, the dating makes it look as though the black paintings reached their full development earlier than was the case.

Otherwise the exhibition is commendably strict: there is nothing but thirty-odd paintings, with no diversification, no entertainment. On the other hand, the paintings are not easily seen, not simply because of the narrow tonal range used by the artist, which makes one area closely resemble its neighbor, but because of wretched lighting. There are shadow gradients across the paintings and the tops of paintings are frequently masked by a bar of shadow cast by the

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frame, the lights being set too close to the wall. This is irritating enough when an artist is using a wide range of tonal contrasts, but it is very damaging to muted paintings whose subjects are, in part, their delayed visibility.

The Jewish Museum is showing a handsome exhibition of big paintings called by Tejas Englesmith, the curator of contemporary art, "Beautiful Painting and Sculpture." The work of the four artists, shown here, is proposed by him as Oasis Art in the desert of fashion and struggle. Of his artists Englesmith writes: "They are not interested in creating works 'of the moment.' They are not interested in reflecting the negative aspects of today's culture. All of the works are painterly, intimate, and deep" (all the things that Reinhardt fled). There is an argumentative side to this view of beauty, inasmuch as other styles are implied to be merely fashionable or symptomatic. In fact, the show is itself very trendy. The painters all come from the downtown gallery complex (Paula Cooper, O. K. Harris and Max Hutchinson), and all were in the last Whitney Museum annual where they looked right at home with the other non-expressionistic, color-based, illusionist Abstract artists.

There is a sculptor in the show but the painters interest me more: Jake Berthot, Harvey Quaytman and Natvar Bhavsar. Berthot's canvases are painted with flat borders, not to emphasize the surface of the canvas but to frame the opened space that his layered color infiltrates. Quaytman combines shaped planar canvases with extremely narrow extensions which mime formal tensions in spreading designs. Bhavsar is both overshown and overextended: he has become the Milton Resnik of solid-surface atmospherics. I hope that Englesmith will not leave his interest in this style and generation of painters at this point, but will expand it into a survey with a rigorous definition.

"The Magic Theater" is an exhibition directed by Ralph T. Coe of participatory art works by eight New York artists, made originally for Kansas City in 1968 and now at Automation House (49 East 68 Street). The narrow verticality of a town house is a very awkward setting for pieces conceived for the vast rooms, with classical columns, of the Nelson Gallery of Art. For example, Charles Ross's "Prism Environment" looks as if it might be admirable, but in its present location it is reduced to architectural decoration. The title of the show indicates an area evocative of the Electric Circus, Coney Island, Times Square, East European puppet shows—all those elements of Pop culture that make technologically oriented artists flinch. Unhappily, the title is more appropriate than one might wish, especially for the works that propose sight and sound coordination: yes, Virginia, there are works of art that respond to your presence with a *beep* or a light change. But there are also some stationary environmental pieces, notably Stanley Landsman's "Walk-in Chamber," a cube mirror-room with 6,000 grain-of-wheat lights, making all-over stellar perspectives of high elevance. Stephen Antonakos' "Walk-on Neon" is interesting but loses in impact because the floor panels are in a rather tight grid which cramps the color, this restriction having been made necessary by the requirement that the exhibition travel. His new work, spectacularly free of the constraining grid, is at the Fischbach Gallery (29 West 57 Street), where perilously stretched tubes inundate the space round them with strong color. □

THEATRE / Harold Clurman

Purlie, a new musical with book by Davis-Rose-Udell, music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell (Broadway Theatre), is based on an amiable play, *Purlie Victorious*, by Ossie Davis, produced in 1961. It is corny, hokey and *good*.

The pejorative adjectives do not truly apply. The corn and the hokum are to a considerable extent desired—a part of the show's style. The intention is to deal with the miserable state of affairs in south Georgia "not too long ago" with teasing cuteness, a sly buffoonery close to fable. There is in it the ambiguous laughter of the presumably compliant black, more watchful than benign.

If *Purlie* is depreciated for its "sweetness," the situation being what it is today, the criterion should be set aside as shortsighted. *Purlie* does not wallop or shove, but its nice nudge is still an unmistakable warning.

If "propaganda" is called for, *Purlie* provides it in the tonic vigor and charm of its performance. It is the most happily cast play in town. Its inner unity is immensely bracing.

I speak first and mainly of the cast because it is the evening's most substantial asset. The book, except that it is too long, is better than most—good-humored, companionably shrewd, something more than a peg for numbers. While the music is not memorable, some of its orchestrations and choral arrangements by Garry Sherman and Luther Henderson are superior. The conducting by Joyce Brown—one of the very few women conductors on Broadway—adds much to the show's musical effectiveness.

That Cleavon Little is a talented actor comes as no surprise; he has been previously admired in a number of Off-Broadway plays. But his excellence as a singer has not been displayed before. His lean, dignified presence as the preacher Purlie, coupled with his natural sense of fun, serve as the "spine" of the show. He seems to acquire stature in the new circumstances of this musical, giving to and gaining from the surrounding company a quality of pride.

The show's triumphal discovery is Melba Moore, a slight young woman, who comes on the stage as if she were an "extra" and then shocks the audience into delighted recognition of a personality of very special charm. Her vocal delivery imparts a wonderful excitement, recalling the early Judy Garland, with a comedic joyousness that is as unforced as it is unassuming. There is a remarkable relaxation and warmth in Novella Nelson's singing and acting, somewhat more "educated" and passive than the others. There are resoundingly uplifting voices throughout.

A word of praise is also due John Heffernan, who plays the derided and quite funny bad (white) man of the piece in just the right "old time" style. Ben Edwards' settings strike the proper note. Philip Rose as producer, director and collaborator on the book, has met with conspicuous success the challenge of transforming the original play. □

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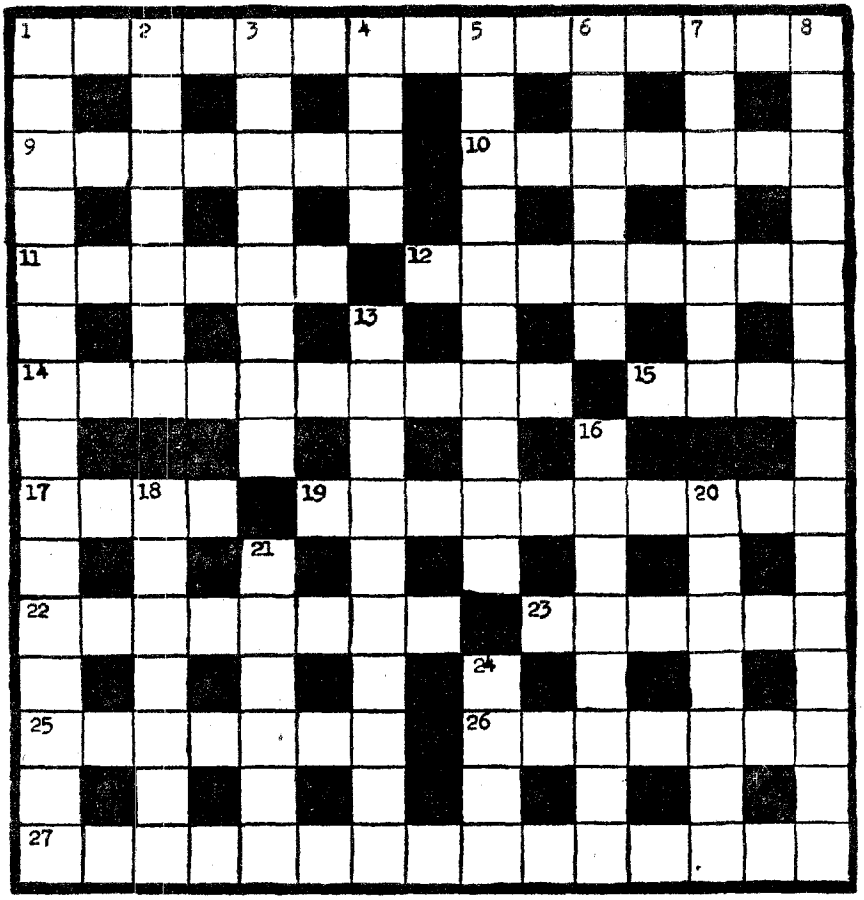

ACROSS

1 The Iroquois had one of five or six, which perhaps worked better than ours. (6,2,7)
9 Not how they should act in the home of the brave. (7)
10 They have sometimes been called out, due to the wrong objective about Lit. I. (7)
11 They may have been used to carry troops in certain kinds of helmets. (6)
12 Once it's disturbed, what a mosquito may do is perhaps found in the community. (8)
14 Such conduct may bring you to book. (10)
15 How this vegetable is supposed to turn out is left unfinished. (4)
17 W.W. I hero could have worn a rose of only one color. (4)
19 What those with the insignia of Lorraine wore on their shoulders, if mad at the world? (5-5)
22 River men might have some trouble floating this. (8)
23 Part may be taken in doing this. (6)
25 Spreading rumors? Negatively, I confess! (7)
26 Taiwan has changed so, from a previously known place. (7)
27 One might the clock-work type, more specifically identified by horns. (4,11)

DOWN

1 A discouraging statement concerning man's total understanding. (6,2,3,4)
2 Small trees a strange man sold? (7)
3 Some might think we're losing the weapons race if we do, where a sort of pit is. (8)
4 Stone on two coordinate signs, possibly. (4)
5 Doesn't one count if so many are present? (10)
6 Pull about everything that might be fat!
7 Nothing peculiarly suited to be away from the batter. (7)
8 One with reputedly low hips seems to be mixed up with marijuana, the no-good! (5-2-3-5)
13 Changes around other than the front burners? (10)
16 If you have to respect rumors, you're bound to get the full range. (8)
18 He comes from a place at first confusing to a Scotsman. (7)
20 Hat in a style eccentric or national? (7)
21 Italian revolutionist, or one about to do wrong. (6)
24 Mr. Carton did such a better thing a long way off. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1339

ACROSS: 1 Perpetrate; 6 Star; 10 Sallies; 13 Addle; 15 India; 17, 29 and 11 Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep; 19 President; 21 Shift; 23 Theta; 24 Parabola; 27 Harvest; 28 Oranges; 30 Chalk talks. DOWN: 1 and 12 Post exchange; 2 Relaxed; 3 Edith; 4 Resonance; 5 Title; 7 Tuesday; 8 Represents; 9 Assaults; 14 Dispatched; 16 Agitates; 18 Water fowl; 20 Eyebrow; 22 Illegal; 24 Pitch; 25 Blast; 26 Uses.

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